

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## FRUITLESS CROWNS.

‘Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown.’

MACBETH.

NOTWITHSTANDING our recognition of retributive justice, we are touched by the pathetic exclamation of the usurping Thane. The conflict of ambition and conscience had been severe, and the rebukes of the latter would have deterred from crime, but for the artful incitings of an unscrupulous woman. The ‘rank offence’ committed, the sovereignty of a turbulent realm boldly seized, the act banished the actor beyond the pale of the sympathy of his kind, meagre although it was, in a rude and selfish age. The perfidy which had successfully invaded the sanctity of the throne was accursed of men: while strong, it was detested; when weak, remorselessly crushed. Thenceforth was to be directed against the murder-made monarch the subtle advances of intrigue, or be reared the head of avowed rebellion; and for what? An uncertain tenure of power, which it was decreed he should not bequeath,

— ‘no son of his succeeding.’

The announcement of the ‘barren sceptre,’ it may be conceived, thrilled the regicide with greater dismay than the apparition of the air-drawn dagger.

Nor need we appeal to the dramatic creations of intellect to illustrate the unfruitful issue of criminal ambition. History has kept a faithful and instructive record. The conquests of the Macedonian but fed with plunder a horde of contending successors; the sinking fortune of Oliver hounded him to the grave; while the sun of the empire of the Corsican went down for ever on that eventful evening in June, when the veteran reserve which had been schooled on the battle-fields of a continent, and billeted in half its capitals, broke and fled.

The rapacity of states is as signally punished as the selfish ambition of individuals. National humiliation is, earlier or later, the penalty of

national greed. The avenging avatar may be delayed, but it will come. The seeds of decay lie long dormant, but the resplendent beams of prosperity encourage, while they blind to, the fatal growth. As wealth is accumulated from ravaged kingdoms and stolen colonies, it concentrates; so that the importance which it bestows, as it is confined, is conspicuous. Voluptuousness inevitably succeeds. Avarice is promoted at the expense of the nobler aspirations. The object of human striving is the acquisition of that which, while it confers power, ministers to indulgence. National manners become corrupt, and public virtue declines. At last the peril so long provoked is to be met, and the state must rely for its defence upon an intriguing and imbecile oligarchy, a dependent, venal, and cowardly rabble, or mercenary bayonets, which, from protecting, assume to command the exchequer and control the nation. When the patriotism of Carthage was aroused, her victorious arms swept over the icy barrier of the Alps to scourge hostile legions upon the fertile plains of Italy; when her cupidity was alarmed, ignominious discomfiture overwhelmed her. The glory of Holland was greatest when bleeding and forlorn; she impressed the ocean as an ally in opposition to a haughty and relentless invader, ere she had exchanged the spirit of freedom for the lust of lucre, or purchased ignoble security by tame submission.

It is, perhaps, trite to assert that frivolous pretexts, for the most part, have originated, or have been cited to excuse, war. But the great body of truth is trite, so that it is not the less instructive to reflect how often the collision of armies has resulted from the turn of a *liaison*, the disappointment of a courtier, or the intrigue of a priest. Some bleak, inhospitable strand near the pole becomes, in the view of disputing cabinets, fair as Tempe, and fruitful as Sicily. Through volcanic action, a bare and rugged islet is spewed from the ocean depth; it is beheld by some prying whaler, who probably mistakes it for the sea-serpent; the discovery is announced, and Admiralties are agog, and armed steamers, bearing rival flags, race puffing over the waves to get a pre-clutch on the rescued lava. While the marine insect myriads of the tropics are rearing in labored system their coral masonry, dock-yards bustle with preparation, by which to dispute or defend the possession. The *privilege* of a fishery where there is room for all; the navigation of a river frozen half the year, and impeded by shoals or choked with rafts the remainder; extending the area of peculiar political opinion, neglecting previously to proselytise the people upon whom it is to be imposed, of course purely for the love of it, without regard to sugar estates and milled dollars; a marriage, or a death royal, are alike provocative of war, rapine, and retribution.

But it is the disappointments of every-day life, when the objects of our aspiration are obtained, that we chiefly propose to consider.

A sprightly imagination, overtopping in its empire the more truthful yet less brilliant judgment, hurries us on with joyful promise until we reach the goal and discover the deception. For a time instructed by the shortcoming, we curb our enthusiasm, and tread renitently the even tenor of our way. At length some new possession, alluringly tinted by fancy, is to make us supremely happy, and we strive for it with an ardor failure may have flagged, but could not subdue; and again the issue is ill.

‘Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched:’

Thus, by over-estimating the object in pursuit, we degrade its value when secured. It is a fruitless crown.

Ours is emphatically an era of *opinions*. The press is free, (in the popular sense,) and the creeds have their full swing of latitude. The time is tentative in expedients of amelioration and advance. So far indeed is the spirit of suggestion unreflectingly pushed, that the world is found oftener admiringly agape at that which is *new*, than recognizing or accepting that which is *better*. Still, even the absurdities of belief are necessary results of intellectual movement; are *ignes fatui* in the path of inquiry. Fanaticism is the natural brother of Progress; the ally of the one is the Marvellous, as that of the other is the True. It has been asserted to be easier to demolish than to erect. To be sure, every theorist begins with universal demolition. Even the old material is discovered eminently unsound; not a square inch of it, from rafter to groundsel, is accounted fit for use. But then how jauntily goes up the new structure! What an appearance of solidity reposes in those paste-board walls; with what an air the coxcomb stucco apes the staid and stately granite; how is flaunted the gew-gaw raiment of parti-colored paint in the frank face of day! The cobweb of the hour arrogates its evanescent glistening of dew-tribute, and holds light the hoar and venerableness of that 'cliff of lone gray stone, rising into the midst of sailing birds and silent air.' We have used material imagery to illustrate the new fantasy as opposed to the old faith; could the ardent imaginings of our zealots be corporealized, what a spectacle would be presented! Female pantaloons are palpable enough, and one might even venture to vaticinate of uneasy ladies battling for the privilege conferred by spotted chokers, shirt-collars, wellingtons, and spurs: but who can give visible features to the social or political millennium which each speculative clique, in its visionary ravings, foresees soon to be ushered in? The vagaries of this class of innovators are scarcely announced ere test consigns them to oblivion; the current of human existence continues to run in its accustomed channel; and the manners of the age, though plastic enough, with an infidel contumacy refuse to receive the impresses of the two-penny seals of reform. Sièyes had pigeon-holes crammed with constitutions; but he was *sans second* in his century. Now every fourth man is a Sièyes, and equally prolific of schemes. From each round of the social ladder, from the cabinet minister to the *chiffonnier*, a whimsical distillation drops into its own particular puddle, where all old-world stuff, become intolerable, must be forthwith soused and scrubbed. Every where is raised the utopian cry of Light! when it is not the stars in the firmament that are beheld; but only their reflections in some dirty plash. Each gay delirium, as it rises, bubble-like, from the gurge of fancy, waits but the measurement of brief experience to be proved a fruitless crown.

There is yet another class, which, disgusted by the abortions and monstrosities of the abounding social and political Samaritans of the day, and even venturing to question their sanity, casts a retrospective glance of affection. Doubting if the regeneration of the race depends upon the supply of moral pocket-handkerchiefs, or the furnishment of the boudoir with box-coats and boot-jacks, it sighs pensively for a resurrection of the dead ages, with their castles and cloisters, penances and tournaments,

manorial soup-kettles and periodic doles. There may indeed have been some objectionable things in that era of felicity, such as unprovoked and bloody raids, and mercenary shrivings; the mass may have been poorly housed, fed, clothed, neglected when sick, often compelled to submit to the grossest, most cruel injustice, without appeal; but what then? were not those the good old times? Enamored sentimentalists! as *you* portray them,

‘Those days were never: airy dream  
Sat for the picture; and the poet’s hand  
Imparted substance to an empty shade.’

What was admirable in those ages was inseparably allied to a rude and degraded humanity; sprung from it as it heaved in the throes of a disenchanting development. The pearls washed upon the shores of old romance, to which you point exultingly, are, alas! like pearls, the product of disease. Could you plant in the midst of the nineteenth century the institutions and manners of the sixteenth; after the most liberal pruning, what an exhibition of the grotesque would you create! Fancy Jones, the grocer, in the full fig of an archer, turning his back on premium cheeses and superior Goshen, flinging, as it were, ‘the good-will and fixtures’ into the very face of society, and hurrying to Greenwood shades to emulate the predatory heroism of Robin Hood. Fancy Simpkins, the politician, who hangs with breathless interest upon the ‘latest returns,’ who settles the affairs of the nation over oft-repeated cups of generous malt, substituting his annual pilgrimage to Washington with a devout journey to some holier shrine: or Flashem, the best-dressed man on town, encouraging a ragged beard, unappreciative of a clean shirt, scorning dickies, eschewing soap, and set up in a small way as a very respectable hermit. Rake not the dry leaves and effete vegetation for buried husks: the fruit has died out of them: let them lie.

Who promiseth himself such store of bliss as the lover? What tongue can tell the amenity of temper, the elegant animation of action, the graceful form, the thousand magnified excellences of the fascinating fair? She discourseth harmonies; she walketh not as a mortal, but glideth as a goddess! The stricken admirer, moth-like, is blinded to all but the glare of the flame. The time, laggard that it is, arrives at last, and with book and ring the enamored pair is launched into the state matrimonial. A honey-moon, like a life, may be longer or shorter, but is at best brief. The husband sitteth down to reflect. He may still be in humor to admire, but the object is possessed, and he may safely criticise. He has been detained for breakfast, or compelled to cold mutton at dinner; and very potent is your cold mutton as a breeder of discontent. It offendeth the stomach, and the enraged brain taketh cudgels in behalf of its slighted relative. These petty annoyances at first irritate for the moment, but in the end swell to unendurable enormities. The spell is broken. Complaint naturally follows criticism. He grumbles; she pouts. The lady, ere long, indulges in short, snappish rejoinders. At length, improved in tactics, she deserts the defensive, and pushes the war vigorously home. Her tones are no longer mellifluous; Hybla furnishes no simile for her lips; her eyes, whilom so bewitching, are discovered gray, with the tigress sparkle; in a word, the angel is transformed into the shrew confessed. The pile was already laid on the altar of Discord; only the torch of Hymen

was required to fire it. The crown marital proves as fruitless as the crown martial. There have been men against whose equanimity curtain lectures have been addressed in vain. Socrates, it is surmised, rather enjoyed them. As for the rest, it was long ago they voyaged this 'nether sea of time,' and we cannot give their names, as the way-bills were mislaid.

Consider the merchant. He anticipates from ultimate wealth dignified leisure and tranquil enjoyment. To acquire, he struggles and endures. He feeds upon prices-current, relaxes upon the jokes of the stock-board, attunes his ear to the music of trafficking voices, and breathes an atmosphere redolent of ledgers. As he skims the course, Fortune attends, even at his chariot-wheels. Riches accumulate. Friends gather around; or rather the fawning sycophants who thus proclaim themselves to the ear of prosperity. The prize toward which he has long and sedulously toiled is scarcely won, ere he discovers in his grasp a barren mockery. Gout, with its twinges, possesses him, at times sportive, then irate, or lying ambushed but to pounce unexpectedly upon some moment of fancied security and assured pleasure. A vascular fulness, which his physician, with a face full of meaning, has suggested should be watched, increases his alarm. A vision of apoplexy flings its baleful shadow across his path. His habits less active, and his mind unoccupied, he is enabled duly to appreciate his afflictions, and brood upon his grievances. Between the rigid self-denials of the table and an increasing familiarity with the lancet, dieting with the gods and drenching from the apothecary, he has become querulous, with fits of ferocity; delighteth to exhilarate his friends with details of symptoms; saluteth his family upon rising with the cheering intelligence of 'another dreadful night,' and has been observed to grow more and more glum, as his neighbor, that suave and solemn gentleman in black, who 'undertakes' 'in the best style, with due regard for the feelings of afflicted relatives,' has grown more and more civil in his advances. The charms of nature affect not him with an ecstacy of admiration. The placid bosom of the lake seems a serene expanse of colchicum; while he snuffs from each wandering breeze an odor of rhubarb or of senna. He goes through life, like a catarrh-dreading man through a thaw, fretful and anxious; and at last provides in a codicil for his fellow-sufferer a phthisical poodle, huffs the doctor, and expires.

Behold the inventor! A dim conception of discovery is vouchsafed to him. He labors to penetrate the surrounding vapors. With Ajax he cries: 'Give me to see!' The track of common-place toil is abandoned, that he may ponder the wondrous vision. At length, in all its impressive import, flashes the manifestation. To some new purpose of progress, in the language of the earlier Bacon, 'he binds the eternal elements.' The world, which doubted and scoffed until demonstration had discomfited dispute and shut the mouth of cavil, becomes suddenly jubilant, hailing with pæans the mighty move in advance. But what reward for him, the fruit of whose enduring genius and patient industry has elevated the civilization of the race; making of the fury of the blast a measure of human power, yoking to the car of utility the lightnings of heaven, or summoning subservient 'spirits from the vasty deep?' Surely something more than empty commendation and post-mortem sculpture? Not

always even that; but litigation, detraction, want; with — when the robbery is complete — some hackneyed platitude, intended to console, about the glorious mission of a public benefactor, and an appreciative posterity. A very happy thought that of the moderns, to look for the fulfilment of every disagreeable obligation by posterity. These latter generations have perpetrated such a multitude of drafts on time, that those to come, unless they make short work by prompt repudiation, (which is not unlikely,) must resolve themselves into a board perpetual of paying tellers.

There are two classes of unfortunates: that which struggles without an end, and that which contents itself with an end without a struggle: and the latter is far the larger. There are men who, if once they encounter failure, sink to despair. So dead is energy within, that even its ghost ceases to reproach them. Like the forsaken maid of Desdemona's mother, their 'song is of willow,' and they die singing it. Others inert themselves, await the influx of the tide to wash them higher and higher upon the shelving beach of fortune; and to say truth, it often tosses them kindly: while a sanguine few take naturally to hobbies, are never long unseated, never exhaust their stud, but, as Chaucer's monk, have

'Full many a daintie horse in stable,'

and continue to ride through the world, jingling their bridles in its incredulous face.

As from the poisonous *manihot* is extracted a bland and nutritious farina, so is consolation often drawn from disappointment and deprivation. Dogberry plumed himself more upon his losses than his bodily amplitude or his two gowns: they were unquestionable guaranties of his respectability. Misfortunes, where the aims have been just, impart consequence by eliciting sympathy, for the meanest has some one to compassionate him. Sympathy here implies esteem. In proportion as others regard us, we esteem ourselves; for self-love is observant, and the slightest attention flatters it into importance. By promoting melancholy, they dispose to complaisance. The kindest sentiment is awakened as we contemplate ourselves victims of chance, as unjust as it is capricious; or a haughty sense of superiority, by the unhappy result of some profoundly-deliberated and well-planned undertaking. 'Fools succeed, it is true;' with such solace are we content; but 'the poorest watch points the hours twice a day, and *they* may prove the hours of fruition.' The more some are thwarted, the more vain and opinionated they become. They behold in every disappointment, not the evidence of some new delusion, but an apt illustration of the inequality with which the prizes are distributed in the lottery of the world, and, with Jaques, 'rail against the first-born of Egypt.' The realization of a sorry cheat, where there was brilliant promise, 'a good plot, and full of expectation,' long continues to gloom and embitter existence. The traveller has recovered the fall from the precipice, but the stern shadow of the unsightly rock palls upon his path throughout the long and weary day.

From the saturnine to the satirical is but a step. Many great comedians have been atrabilious, and have enthusiastically betaken to the stage, gratified in travestying their fellows. How inexpressibly delightful it must have been to an Athenian to have had a Cynic for a next-door



neighbor; but a Cynic confined to the house, with abundant opportunities for espial, must have proven a crowning glory. We doubt if many were disposed to intrude upon the sunshine of Diogenes.

The most determined enemies of charlatanry are the disappointed. Had Swift been invested with the lawn, most likely he would have been more decorous and more tame. Become incredulous, and making of human foibles a study, an imposture is welcome game, and hunted to the death. They are the bane and terror of quacks, who cower before them as did Saul before the shade of Samuel.

Finally, let us abandon the gayety of fancy for graver consideration; albeit we educe that which, as it is very easy, has of late become very fashionable—a sneer. Many, superior to the weakness of thinking, find ample scope of intellectual occupation in studying the most effective manner for elevating an eye-brow, shrugging a shoulder, and curling a lip. Of the depressed disappointed, that mourning multitude, each by his favorite road rushes to Lethe. Some seek solace in the exhilaration of wine; some in the assumed oblivion of suicide; others in the resources of philosophy: an appellation often bestowed upon an overweening compound of pride and conceit, tempered by energy. The devout repairs to the consolations of religion. Fruitless crowns are regarded by the Christian as wholesome chastisements, corrective of a presumptuous spirit. To him, the mission of present failure is to alienate from the things ‘of the earth, earthy,’ and assure a fuller capacity for future enjoyments. Inasmuch as humiliation checketh arrogance, it teacheth him dependence. A pious soul we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the SUPREME in all things: the highest and sole essential form which Religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of Religion are a mockery and a delusion in man.\*

TADDEUS.

*San Francisco, Cal.*


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T H E O R A N G E - F L O W E R .

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BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE.

With sedulous care, in a Northern bower,  
I nurtured a beautiful orange-flower;  
But it pined for scenes more sweet and fair,  
And it died for love of its native air:  
Like a maid, only lent to earth, not given,  
And early wafted away to heaven.

And once I cherished a fruitless love,  
For so it was written, they say, above;  
A love as gentle, as pure, as bright,  
As wonderful as the rays of light:  
In happier hearts it might bloom and blow,  
But it withered and died in my heart of snow.

*Cincinnati, January, 1852.*

\* CARLYLE'S Life of STERLING.

# Some German Songs.

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

## FIRST WORDS.

Long time have I been a rover  
In that weird romantic land  
Where the wide Rhine floweth over  
Rock, morass, and golden sand.  
Half an idler, half a lover,  
Wandered I; and in my hand  
Some old poet, who doth cover  
With his genius all the strand.

'Tis a very land of faëry,  
Yet o'er all is the divine:  
Over shore and mountain boss  
Gleams the everlasting cross;  
And from many a sheltered shrine,  
Images of sweet Saint MARY  
Smile along the legendary  
Shores of Father Rhine.

And the poet's home, 'tis here!  
When ye sing, the people listen;  
And but touch one feeling dear,  
And the brown eyes, downcast, glisten  
With an earnest tear:  
And they lock your words apart,  
Like new treasures, in the heart;  
And the golden grain of song  
Taket root where'er ye sow it,  
For that music-nurtured throng  
Dearly love the poet.

There ye find both song and sermon,  
Lays of Lorelei and Merman,  
Songs with ringing double rhymes,  
Legends of the olden times,  
Stories of the land of HERMAN,  
Written in the solemn chimes  
Of the sounding German.  
They have thrilled that Deutchland long,  
And—oh, kind heart! am I wrong?—  
I would sing them in a new land,  
Sing wild HEINE's ardent song,  
LIMROCK's lay of monk or saint,  
And the ballads, sweet and quaint,  
Made by LUDWIG UHLAND.

When a dear friend hath departed  
To the far-off shadow-land,  
And ye mourn him, broken-hearted,  
Aught that ever touched his hand  
Groweth dear; though it be bare  
One dark tress of braided hair:



Therefore, though I give you merely  
*Echoes of the German lay,*  
 Ye should love them very dearly:  
 Long time in my heart they lay,  
 As the sound of solemn marches,  
 Played on some high festal day,  
 Linger in cathedral arches,  
 When the player hath closed the organ,  
 And hath gone away.

DONALD MACLEOD.

## I.

## A M E M O R Y .

The purpling sea rolled wide and bright,  
 As day's last glories shone;  
 We sat by the ancient fisher-house,  
 Silent and all alone.

The mists arose; the waters swelled;  
 The gull swept circling past,  
 And from thine eyes, by passion filled,  
 The tears came streaming fast.

I saw them fall upon thy hand,  
 And on my knee I sank;  
 And quick from off that white, white hand,  
 Those streaming tears I drank.

Since then, my soul burns with desire,  
 Desire consumes my years.  
 Ah, thou wild heart! that weeping girl  
 Hath poisoned thee with her tears.

HEINRICH HEINE.

## II.

I WENT into the battle with my friend most dearly tried,  
 We ate our bread together, we slumbered side by side:  
 I came in safety back again unto my native shore;  
 My friend rests in that stranger-land, rests there for evermore!

The last time that I ever touched or pressed his loving hand,  
 He lay before me, crushed and prone, upon the sultry sand:  
 Right on his front a sabre-stroke had smote him in the fray,  
 And from the deep and fatal wound the life ebbed fast away.

The warm red blood flowed slowly along his forehead fair;  
 He could not die; but turned to me with an imploring air:  
 'Give me my death, dear brother, my comrade leal and true!'—  
 I turned away, refusing, just as the trumpet blew.

He writhed himself before me, with pain-distorted mouth,  
 And plead with me, by all the love which we had pledged in youth:  
 I kissed him, and I recharged my gun, as my dear friend desired,  
 Then tremblingly I placed the mouth close to his heart—and fired!

I turned my streaming eyes away, I saw not where he sank,  
 And yet I heard one murmur, faint and broken: 't was, 'I thank'—  
 It was the latest of our fights, the work of war was done;  
 And never, since that fatal shot, have I re-charged my gun.

THEODOR MAYER MERRIAN.

## HANGING AT THE YARD-ARM—ALMOST.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SOME time in the summer of 184—, having occasion to go to the north from Charleston, and thinking a short trip by sea would afford a pleasant change from the dust and heat of *terra firma*, I took passage in the brig Ellen for Portland. I was the only passenger. The vessel, indeed, was a mere trader, not designed for the accommodation of travellers. I had provided myself with a few books, but much reading, when we have nothing else to do, is a weariness to the flesh. After having exhausted the communicative powers of the captain and mate, I used to stroll forward among the men to listen to their conversation, sometimes taking a part in it myself. One warm, pleasant night, having been driven from the cabin by the combined forces of vermin, foul odors, and lamp-smoke, I lighted a cigar, and, going forward to the forecabin, seated, or rather stretched, myself upon a quantity of loose rigging that was gathered into a heap under the weather-bulwarks. Here I could breathe the fresh air, and either listen to the stories of the seamen, or bury myself in my own meditations, undisturbed. We had a fine steady breeze from the southward and westward; and the watch on deck having nothing to do but to keep awake, had collected around the windlass, and were narrating incidents—true or imaginary—in their past lives. Little of their conversation, however, attracted my attention, until my ear was caught by the words: ‘I can tell you a better story than that, shipmates: were any of you ever hung?’ ‘Hung! no, nor you either, I reckon; though I’ll warrant you against ever drowning.’ ‘Well, I have had my turn at hanging; or, at any rate, I came so near it once that any man would have been a fool to have given a chaw of tobacco for my chance of having any thing to stand upon half an hour longer.’ Here there was a general demand upon the speaker for his ‘yarn,’ and the men crowded more closely together to hear it. My own curiosity was also excited; and having turned over towards the windlass, and settled myself, as comfortably as circumstances would admit of, upon my rope-couch, I listened to the following narration.

The speaker, who went by the name of Ned, was a middle-sized, but muscular man, whom I had before observed as indicating, by his countenance and conversation, more general intelligence than is found among the common run of seamen. He may have been educated originally for a higher sphere than that to which his vices, perhaps, had reduced him. His language, in telling his story, showed that he had had a good English education, and it is possible that his knowledge that he had me for an auditor modified, in some respects, his mode of expressing himself. His narrative, however, was profusely interlarded with oaths, which a regard for the morals and respect for the good taste of the readers of this magazine, induce me to omit.

I have also, for manifest reasons, omitted the names both of the ship and the officers, in which and among whom the events occurred.

**Ned's Ear .**

'You know, boys, that I was once in Uncle Sam's service for a year or two. It was when I was wearing his livery that I came so near getting the degree of D. H. tucked to my name.'

'D. H.?' inquired one of the crew: 'what is that?'

'When a man dies, they mark his name on the purser's roll, D. D., 'Discharged, dead.' Mine, I reckon, would have been D. H., 'Discharged, hung.' Well, I was a-board the frigate ———, on the West India station, though the greater part of our cruising was up and down Pensacola harbor, between the navy-yard and the town. Ours was the flag-ship, you see; so we staid at head-quarters, and sent out the sloops to do the work. The captain wasn't a-board much, and of course the first luff had every thing his own way. In fact, the captain of a man-o'-war does n't generally have much to do with the hands; and the less he meddles, the better; for if he interferes with the first lieutenant, every body will get his share of the muss. He will pay it off by riding the watch-officers, and they will come down on the reefers, and the reefers will pass it along to the men, and Jack generally gets the worst of it at last. And then, if the first officer happens to be a Tartar, look out for yourself, that's all! The rest of the officers, down to the youngest middy, will get inoculated with the same disease; and things won't go along very smooth when a lot of babies, not much longer than a monkey-tail, undertake to ride down a crew of men old enough to be their grandfathers, and who know as much about a ship in one day as they do in a month.'

Here the speaker wandered from his story to enlarge upon the abuses attendant upon the practice of giving authority over old seamen to boys of fourteen years, in which discussion his auditors took part with a considerable degree of enthusiasm. One and another made rather valorous assertions as to what they would do in certain supposed circumstances; but Ned expressed the opinion, with more energy than courtesy, that they would do no such thing. At length he took up the thread of his discourse again:

'I never could get used to being driven about by a boy with no beard on his face. I was brought up to strike back when any one hits me; and I generally give him his full change, too. It takes a long while for some men to learn to take it coolly when they are run upon, and I wasn't so quick to learn as I might have been; so I got the character among the officers of being a surly sort of a fellow, who never could be quiet until I was taught a few lessons at the gang-way. They were always on the look-out to catch me at any thing that would give me a taste of the cats. Well, one day, when I was cook of our mess, some of the fellows got a grease-spot on the deck, and one of the reefers happened to spy it out, and told me to scrape it up. I didn't do it to suit him, and he called me back and set me at it again; and then he gave me a cursing for grumbling. I didn't hold my d—— tongue as he told me to, so he rapped me over the head with his fist. That woke up the old Adam that was in me, and before I thought where I was, I started up and lifted my hand as if I was going to give it back to him. But you see I had that cursed knife in my hand that I was scraping the deck with, and if I

had struck him, he would have been pretty likely to lose his chance of ever wearing a strap on his shoulder. But two or three fellows jumped on me, and in less than a minute I was in the 'brig,' in double irons, and the first luff glaring at me as if he meant to swallow me, irons and all.'

'What brig was that, Ned? That's the first you've said of any such craft.'

'They call the place where prisoners are confined, 'the brig.' In a frigate it is generally on the starboard side of the gun-deck, between the two forward guns. I was stowed away there under the guard of a marine, who had orders to see that I didn't talk with the men. There's no great hardship in being in the brig. If a fellow is lazy, he can have rather a good time of it, only there is no fun in keeping a look-out ahead for a flogging. You get clear of work, though, and you can sleep all night and all day too, if you like. Then you can see every thing that is going on, and can hear other men talk, if you can't put in your own oar. The steerage-officers, too, come forward there to lounge and smoke; and I've heard many a good joke, and had many a good laugh in the brig. I got tired of it after a while, though, and every day, when the captain came aboard, I was in hopes they would give me my dozen and let me go to work again. But I soon found they had no idea of letting me off so cheaply. They wanted somebody to make an example of, I suppose; and as there was n't much fun going on, they wanted to get up something out of the regular course for a little excitement. So I was told one day that they had determined to try me by a court-martial. I didn't fancy that much, for I knew I should have no chance to get clear. I should be alone on one side, and all the officers would be against me on the other. They all take common part in such cases, and have every thing cut and dried among themselves before-hand. The judge of the court is an officer, and the prosecutor is an officer, and the lawyers are officers, and the witnesses are officers, and against the whole of 'em is one poor devil of a sailor. What can he expect to do but go dead to leeward? Well, when the time came round, they got their court together in the gun-deck cabin, and I was taken in where they were all ranged along both sides of the table, as solemn as parsons, and the commodore at the head for a bishop. They kept it up for three or four days, because, as the questions are all written down, they make slow headway. After they had found out as much as they could about the business, I was sent back to the brig, and pretty soon the court broke up. I knew they had gone against me, because I was n't set free; but that was just what I had made up my mind to before-hand, so I didn't worry myself much about it. It was a good while, though, before I found out what my sentence was, for they had to send on their papers to Washington and wait for an answer; and all this time it was no fun, having nothing to do but to calculate how many dozen I should have to take. I tried to get some clue to it from the reefers, but they were as mum about the matter as Quakers, and I reckon they didn't know much more about it than I did. It came at last, though: and if ever a fellow was taken flat aback, I was. What do you think the upshot of the thing was? Why, they had made out that I was going to kill that youngster, if I had n't been prevented; so they had sentenced me to be strung up to the yard-arm till I was as

dead as a jack-knife; and they had got Uncle Sam to put his fist to it as all right.'

'How is that, Ned? Can they hang a man in the service for meaning to do a thing when he don't do it? You did n't strike the reefer, did you?'

'No, I did not. But, bless your heart, a court-martial can hang a man for having a hole in his jacket, if they choose. They have in the service what they call Articles of War, that they read every Sunday to the ship's company, instead of a sermon. It is a book of sea-laws, and they all begin: 'If any man shall do so and so'—and then, no matter what comes in between, whether it's keeping on your watch or killing the captain and all hands, every one ends: 'He shall suffer death, or any other punishment that a court-martial shall adjudge.' Hang me, if ever I could see the use of reading the same thing over and over so. I would have lumped all the laws into one, and read it: 'If any man shall do any thing against orders, the officers may get together in a court-martial and hang him, or punish him in any way that they like better.' That would save a good deal of time, and come to the same thing in the end.

'But let's heave ahead. After they had read that precious paper to me, and told me when I was to swing, they took me out of the brig and carried me down into the fore-passage. I thought, if I had only got a week or two to do up the rest of my living in, they might give me a chance to do it handsomely. But that, I suppose, was against the Articles, so I was put in the darkest hole they could find. The fore-passage is a narrow gang-way leading into the eyes of the ship, forward of the fore-hold. It divides round the foot of the fore-mast, and goes to the store-rooms of the bo's'n and armorer. There is nobody belongs there except the yeoman, who has charge of the stores, and he always looks as if he was made of putty, from living all the time in the dark. The air is none of the sweetest, neither, unless you like a mixture of tar, paint, and bilge-water. Well, there was where they stowed me away, with no body in sight except the marine, who was ordered to keep me well back from the foot of the ladder, where I might have looked up into day-light. There they kept me day and night, with nothing to think about except hanging. The only man who ever spoke to me was the parson. He used to come down once in a while to preach to me about getting ready. That was fun, too, was n't it? I reckon he didn't like the air in the fore-peak, though, for he always made short work of it.

'Well, the great day came round at last, and I had got so confoundedly sick of being shut up, that I was more than half glad when it did come. All the morning I could hear the carpenters at work on deck, sawing and hammering; and every once in a while they would send down to the store-room for something that I knew, as well as if I had seen it, was wanted for rigging my gallows. There was a silence, too, among the hands, which showed plainly enough that something was going on that they did n't like to talk about, but which prevented them from talking of any thing else. The rumbling noise that you always hear where three or four hundred men are about, was still. I should much rather have heard it. Between five and six bells the parson came down, and spun out his yarn rather longer than usual, though I did n't hear much of it. But I

took it quietly, and I reckon he thought I was getting all right. Noon was the time fixed for the play to come off, and I heard the bell strike every half hour that morning; you may be pretty sure of that: and the half hours grew confoundedly short, too, towards noon. At last seven bells was struck; and then, 'all hands' was called. Thinks I to myself, You'll never hear that again, Ned; make the most of it. The ring of those whistles, as I heard it that day down in the fore-passage, has never got out of my ears since. It appeared to me I could see old Brown, one of the bo's'n's mates, right through the decks, as he came forward on the larboard side of the main-hatch, with the pipe in his mouth, one cheek blown out, and one eye squinted up, as he wound off his call with a peculiar twist that none of the rest of them could make. Then there was a rush of the men up the ladders; and when they were all on deck, wasn't it still for a few minutes! It could n't have been stiller if all hands had been turned into stone. I heard only one thing, and that was the beating of my own heart. The marine stood as if he had been a wooden soldier, with his face turned up the hatch. A couple of men who were on the sick-list, and not well enough to go on deck, had crawled to the foot of the main-hatch ladder on the berth-deck, and I could just see their white faces as they looked up and listened, as still as ghosts. After a minute or two, I heard the voice of the captain; and then some one began to come down the upper ladder: I counted every step. I knew when he put his foot upon the combings of the hatch, and I counted the steps again as they came down to the berth-deck; at last I saw the feet and legs of the master-at-arms, and then the whole of him as he stood before me. The sergeant of marines followed him. My time was up. I had been dressed for the show in clean white frock and trousers; and now they tied my arms behind me, and put a white cap on my head, that could be drawn down over my face, and marched me up in the midst of the silence to the spar-deck. As I went up, I took a look at the place where I had last spread the mess-cloth of our mess. The guns that we had sat between so often looked like old friends that I was never to see again. I wanted to stop and hug them, for they had never abused me.

'But I am getting sentimental, my lads; let's clap a stopper on that. They led me to the foot of the main-mast, where I could see and be seen. The officers were all on the quarter-deck in full togs, with epaulettes and side-arms. The marines were drawn up on the larboard side of the poop with loaded muskets; and the men were crowded in the waist and on the forecastle. I was the principal actor in the play; and every body, fore and aft, looked at me as I came up. The marines could n't turn their heads, though, and I reckon some of them had hard work to get their eyes back straight afterwards, they gave them such a tremendous twist to port. When I was put in my place, they read the history of the case and the sentence, so that all hands could hear it. But I didn't pay any attention to it. I knew all about it before, and I had enough to do trying to find out how they had arranged things for my accommodation. I was in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, as they say, for I could n't ask questions, and could n't look behind me; and all the arrangements were in that direction. As soon as the reading was done,



the captain give a sign, and I was led forward, and then I found out how it was to be done. Under the starboard fore-yard-arm there was a ladder leading up to the top of the hammock-nettings. I was taken up this ladder by the master-at-arms; and then we came upon a pine platform, built outside the ship on a level with the upper rail, and large enough to hold twenty or thirty men. On the outer side of the centre of this platform was a trap-door about three feet square, and right over the trap was a rope hanging from the yard, with a noose in it. I was placed in the middle of the trap, and the noose was fixed all right under my ears—and that's a kind of neck-cloth, my lads, that I never want to wear again. If you want to know how a man feels in such a case, just fancy yourselves standing on that drop with nothing but a bit of rattlin' stuff to hold it up, ten fathoms of water under you, your arms tied behind you, and a rope round your neck to fetch you up in case you should fall through. If that bit of whip-cord had parted, I shouldn't have been here now talking about it. The master-at-arms took good care not to put his foot on the trap, though his arms and neck were free. Well, when the noose was fixed, the parson came up on the platform and made a prayer, and it was the shortest one, it seemed to me, that ever I heard. I never had so little fancy for hearing the amen, before or since. While he was praying, I had a chance to see how they had made ready for running me up to the yard; for some how I had my wits about me well enough to understand it, though some things had to be explained to me afterwards. They had rove the rope through a block at the end of the yard, and then spliced another into it, and the two ran in together to the mast and then down, one on each side, to the deck. From the foot of the mast they were led aft on both sides of the ship as far as the mizen-mast. The ropes were lying on the deck, and the men were ranged along by them, ready to take them up and run away with them when the word was given. The whole ship's company was ordered to lend a hand in swinging me up. The trap-door that I was standing on I knew was to drop down in some way, but how that was fixed I could n't see. I got this general idea of the arrangements while the parson was praying. After he had wound off his prayer, he went aft, and the men were ordered to take up the ropes, and the master-at-arms drew the cap down over my face, and then I heard him go down on deck and leave me there alone. And I might have been alone in the world, for any thing that I could hear. I don't believe a finger was moved by any man on board while I was standing there. I could hear the tide, though, as it ran under me along the side of the ship; and it was a satisfaction to know that something was moving, the stillness was so horrible. In a minute there was a step; it was the marine coming from the cabin-door to say that it was noon. I heard him come to the foot of the ladder, then half way up where he could see, then sing out, 'Eight bells,' as if he didn't know that it was the signal for sending a strong man into the next world. Did n't I stiffen myself then? I felt as if I was turning into iron! Forty horses could n't have doubled me up. 'Why the —— don't they strike the bell?' I said to myself.

'But the bell wasn't struck. Instead of it, I had an idea that some body was coming forward; that he was up on the scaffold along-side of



me; that he was reading something, though I didn't try to hear what it was, for I never had suspected that the whole thing was going to turn out a flash in the pan after all. But it did, for the next thing I knew I was down on the gun-deck, shaking hands with the men who were crowding round me. I then found out that I was let off, and that that was what was read to me while I was waiting for the bell.

'So I wasn't hung, my lads; but I don't think any of you would like to come so near it as I did.'

'So they did all that to frighten you into good behavior, did they?'

'That was one object, I suppose; but that wasn't all. They wanted a bit of fun; for it was rather dull lying there in the harbor all summer.'

'Did the parson know how it was coming out?'

'I don't know, but I reckon not; they said he looked as if he didn't more than half like being humbugged in that way.'

'How was the trap fixed, Ned, so as to drop at the right time?'

'I found out about that afterwards. It was held up by a small line that led right across the muzzle of the gun under the staging on the gun-deck. The gunner stood with the lock-string in his hand, ready to pull as soon as the bell struck. The wad would have cut the line and let the drop fall. So I should have gone off in fire and smoke, and with a smell of brimstone.'

This remark led to the expression of various opinions with regard to fire and brimstone in other circumstances, which it is unnecessary to repeat. As I had long since finished my cigar, I left the forecabin, and sought, not very successfully, to spend the remainder of the night in sleep. During my uneasy slumbers, I was suspended from all sorts of impossible places. The most remarkable of my fancies was, that I was rolled up in a ball and hoisted as a pennant at the frigate ——'s mast-head, waiting for eight bells to be struck, when I was expecting that the stop would be broken, and that the wind would blow me straight out from the truck.

W. E. H.

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L I N E S   T O   L — .

## I.

WITHIN the sky at even,  
When sank the wearied sun,  
Two wandering stars in heaven  
Met, and were joined in one:  
Such prayed I that my lot might be,  
Bound by our loves through life to thee.

## II.

I looked again to heaven;  
They had left each other lone:  
From the star that I had chosen  
The brilliant light had gone:  
Then wept I, for I knew my fate,  
Through life to wander desolate.

A. W.

## E X T R A C T

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

## I.

They burnt their last witch in Connecticut  
About a century and a half ago:  
They made a school-house of her forfeit hut,  
And gave a pitying sweet-briar leave to grow  
Above her thankless ashes; and they put  
A certified description of the show  
Between two weeping willows, craped with black,  
On the last page of that year's almanac.

## II.

Some warning and well-meant remarks were made  
Upon the subject by the weekly printers:  
The people murmured at the taxes laid  
To pay for jurymen and pitch-pine splinters,  
And the sad story made the rose-leaf fade  
Upon young listeners' cheeks for several winters,  
When told at fire-side eves by those who saw  
Executed—the lady and the law.

## III.

She and the law found rest: years rose and set;  
That generation, cottagers and kings,  
Slept with their fathers, and the violet  
Has mourned above their graves a hundred springs:  
Few persons keep a file of the Gazette,  
And almanacs are sublunary things,  
So that her fame is almost lost to earth,  
As if she ne'er had breathed; and of her birth,

## IV.

And death, and lonely life's mysterious matters,  
And how she played, in our forefathers' times,  
The very devil with their sons and daughters;  
And how those 'delicate ARIELS' of her crimes,  
The spirits of the rocks, and woods, and waters,  
Obeyed her bidding when, in charmed rhymes,  
She muttered, at deep midnight, spells whose power  
Woke from brief dream of dew the sleeping summer flower,

And hushed the night-bird's solitary hymn,  
 And spoke in whispers to the forest-tree,  
 Till his awed branches trembled, leaf and limb,  
 And grouped her church-yard shapes of fantasie  
 Round merry moonlight's meadow-fountain's brim,  
 And, mocking for a space the dread decree,  
 Brought back to dead, cold lips the parted breath,  
 And changed to banquet-board the bier of death,

## VI.

None know — except a patient, precious few,  
 Who've read the folios of one COTTON MATHER,  
 A chronicler of tales more strange than true,  
 New-England's chaplain, and her history's father;  
 A second Monmouth's GEOFFREY, a new  
 HERODOTUS, their laurelled victor rather,  
 For in one art he soars above them high:  
 The Greek or Welshman does not always lie.

## VII.

Know ye the venerable COTTON? He  
 Was the first publisher's tourist on this station  
 The first who made, by libelling earth and sea,  
 A huge book, and a handsome speculation:  
 And ours was then a land of mystery,  
 Fit theme for poetry's exaggeration,  
 The wildest wonder of the month; and there  
 He wandered freely, like a bird or bear,

## VIII.

And wove his forest dreams into quaint prose,  
 Our sires his heroes, where, in holy strife,  
 They treacherously war with friends and foes;  
 Where meek Religion wears the assassin's knife,  
 And 'bids the desert blossom like the rose,'  
 By sprinkling earth with blood of Indian life,  
 And rears her altars o'er the indignant bones  
 Of murdered maidens, wives, and little ones.

## IX.

HEROD of Galilee's babe-butcherer's deed  
 Lives not on history's blushing page alone;  
 Our skies, it seems, have seen like victims bleed,  
 And our own Ramahs echoed groan for groan:  
 The fiends of France, whose cruelties decreed  
 Those dexterous drownings in the Loire and Rhone,  
 Were, at their worst, but copyists second-hand  
 Of our shrined, sainted sires, the Plymouth pilgrim-band,

## X.

Or else fibs MATHER. Kindred wolves have bayed  
Truth's moon in chorus, but believe them not!  
Beneath the dark trees that the Lethe shade,  
Be he, his folios, followers, facts, forgot;  
And let his perishing monument be made  
Of his own unsold volumes: 'tis the lot  
Of many, may be mine; and be it MATHER's,  
That slanderer of the memory of our fathers!

## XI.

And who were they, our fathers? In their veins  
Ran the best blood of England's gentlemen;  
Her bravest in the strife on battle-plains,  
Her wisest in the strife of voice and pen;  
Her holiest, teaching, in her holiest fanes,  
The lore that led to martyrdom; and when  
On this side ocean slept their wearied sails,  
And their toil-bells woke up our thousand hills and dales,

## XII.

Shamed they their fathers? Ask the village-spires  
Above their Sabbath-homes of praise and prayer;  
Ask of their children's happy household-fires,  
And happier harvest-noons; ask summer's air,  
Made merry by young voices, when the wires  
Of their school-cages are unloosed, and dare  
Their slanderer's breath to blight the memory  
That o'er their graves is 'growing green to see!'

## XIII.

If he has 'writ their annals true;' if they,  
The Christian-sponsored and the Christian-nurst,  
Clouded with crime the sunset of their day,  
And warmed their winter's hearths with fires accurst;  
And if the stain that time wears not away  
Of guilt was on the pilgrim axe that first  
Our wood-paths roses blest with smiles from heaven,  
In charity forget, and hope to be forgiven.

## XIV.

Forget their story's cruelty and wrong;  
Forget their story-teller; or but deem  
His facts the fictions of a minstrel's song,  
The myths and marvels of a poet's dream.  
And are they not such? Suddenly among  
My mind's dark thoughts its boyhood's sunrise beam  
Breathes in spring balm and beauty o'er my page —  
Joy! joy! my patriot wrath hath wronged the reverend sage.

## XV.

Welcome! my boyhood, welcome! Of thy lore,  
 Thy morning-gathered wealth of prose and rhyme,  
 Of fruit the flower, of gold the infant ore,  
 The roughest shuns not manhood's stormy clime,  
 But loves wild ocean's winds, and breakers' roar;  
 While, of the blossoms of the sweet spring-time,  
 The bonniest, and most bountiful of joy,  
 Shrink from the man, and cling around the boy.

## XVI.

But now, like doves 'with healing on their wings,'  
 Blossom and fruit with gladdening kindness come,  
 Charming to sleep my murmuring song, that sings  
 Unworthy dirges over MATHER's tomb:  
 Welcome the olive-branch their message brings!  
 It bids me wish him not the mouldering doom  
 Of nameless scribes of '*Memoirs pour servir*,'  
 Dishonest chroniclers of Time's small-beer.

## XVII.

No: a born Poet, at his cradle-fire  
 The muses nursed him as their bud unblown,  
 And gave him, as his mind grew high and higher,  
 Their ducal strawberry leaf's enwreathed renown.  
 Alas! that mightiest masters of the lyre,  
 Whose pens above an eagle's heart have grown,  
 In all the proud nobility of wing,  
 Should stoop to dip their points in passion's poison-spring.

## XVIII.

Yet MILTON, weary of his youth's young wife,  
 To her, to king, to church, to law untrue,  
 Warred for divorce and discord to the knife,  
 And proudest wore his plume of darkest hue:  
 And DANTE, when his FLORENCE, in her strife,  
 Robbed him of office and his temper, threw  
 'Mongst friends and foes a bomb-shell of fierce rhymes,  
 Shivering their names and fames to all succeeding times.

## XIX.

And our own MATHER's fire-and-faggot tale  
 Of Conquest, with her 'garments rolled in blood,'  
 And banners blackening, like a pirate's sail,  
 The Mayflower's memories of the brave and good,  
 Though but a brain-born dream of rain and hail,  
 And in his epic but an episode,  
 Proves mournfully the strange and sad admission  
 Of much sour grape-juice in his disposition.

## XX.

O Genius! powerful with thy praise or blame,  
 When art thou feigning, when art thou sincere?  
 MATHER, who banned his living friends with shame,  
 In funeral-sermons blessed them on their bier,  
 And made their death-beds beautiful with fame—  
 Fame true and gracious as a widow's tear  
 To her departed darling husband given;  
 Him whom she scolded up from earth to heaven.

## XXI.

Thanks for his funeral-sermons; they recall  
 The sunshine smiling through his folio's leaves,  
 That makes his readers' hours in bower or hall  
 Joyous as plighted hearts on bridal eyes;  
 Chasing, like music from the soul of Saul,  
 The doubt that darkens, and the ill that grieves;  
 And honoring the author's heart and mind,  
 That beats to bless, and toils to ennoble human kind.

## XXII.

His chaplain-mantle worthily to wear,  
 He fringed its sober gray with poet-bays,  
 And versed the Psalms of David to the air  
 Of YANKEE-DOODLE, for Thanksgiving-days;  
 Thus hallowing with the earnestness of prayer,  
 And patriotic purity of praise,  
 Unconscious of irreverence or wrong,  
 Our manliest battle-tune and merriest bridal song.

## XXIII.

The good the Rhine-song does to German hearts,  
 Or thine, Marseilles! to France's fiery blood;  
 The good thy anthemed harmony imparts,  
 'God save the Queen!' to England's field and flood,  
 A home-born blessing, Nature's boon, not Art's;  
 The same heart-cheering, spirit-warming good,  
 To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,  
 Thy words and music, YANKEE DOODLE!—do.

## XXIV.

Beneath thy Star, as one of the THIRTEEN,  
 Land of my lay! through many a battle's night  
 Thy gallant men stepped steady and serene,  
 To that war-music's stern and strong delight.  
 Where bayonets clenched above the trampled green,  
 Where sabres grappled in the ocean fight;  
 In siege, in storm, on deck or rampart, there  
 They hunted the wolf Danger to his lair,  
 And sought and won sweet Peace, and wreaths for Honor's hair!

xxv.

And with thy smiles, sweet PEACE, came woman's, bringing  
 The Eden-sunshine of her welcome kiss,  
 And lovers' flutes, and children's voices singing  
 The maiden's promised, matron's perfect bliss,  
 And heart and home-bells blending with their ringing  
 Thank-offerings borne to holier worlds than this,  
 And the proud green of Glory's laurel-leaves,  
 And gold, the gift to Peace, of Plenty's summer sheaves.

### IS GENIUS CONSCIOUS OF ITS POWERS?

THE world in which we live, move, and have our being, contains as many essentially different characters as it has individual occupants. The closest approximations of the mental qualities leave still a distance between man and man. But with all this individual dissimilarity, there is a certain mass of intellect which is classified as ordinary, another as powerful, and a third as possessed of genius.

It is proposed to examine the latter quality, with the design of establishing the proposition that genius is unconscious of the extent and force of its powers. The impossibility of defining a quality with any degree of accuracy, confines our expression of the character of genius within narrow limits. It is undoubtedly the perfection of the highest powers of the mind. There is, however, an essence which, by one of those subtilities of nature we can never appreciate, fuses these distinct qualities into a compact unity. It may be termed, in the uncertain consideration of mind, its *Eon*.

A divine afflatus is attributed to genius in all its capacities and in all the developments of the quality. It is a breath of inspiration, that which renders its expositions prophecies, and which, removed beyond human philosophy, assigns to the mind upon which it acts a position so vastly superior to the universality of mental power, that its possessor stands out from and above the sons of men, a Saul of the intellect.

As the vast majority of our race are called ordinary, in the consideration of their intellectual qualities, so their appreciation of genius and its efforts is not always voluntary or generally correct. The separative between the ordinary and the loftiest is as wide and deep as that between Abraham and Dives.

In nothing is the dissimilarity between men so manifest as in their mental endowments.

Temperaments may be analogous, physiognomies may possess coincidence of form and feature; but examine the dweller of the brain in its relative proportions, and then alone can the line of exact separation be marked.

To understand accurately the relations of the ordinary and the loftiest,



it will be advisable to introduce the powerful, and its connection with the ordinary.

We admit the supposition that the truly practical, in its best significance, and the powerful, are identical. The ideas of a practical mind are capable of comprehension by the mass. For the practical touches nearly the passions and desires. It assimilates with the character in which the sensual predominates.

The practical requires in its exertions a power which enables it to survey observantly human wants, and it so generalizes as to reduce a thousand discords to a single harmony. It satisfies a want where no definite idea, but merely the fact of the existence of that want, resides; so that it pleases while it supplies, and is powerful because it has the principles of appreciation and concentration fully developed. But while the ordinary enjoys the elaborations of the practical, it can hardly penetrate the mind which educed these ideas; for although their simplicity may be evident and applicable enough to comprehend the spring of their action, there must be a certain degree of origination.

In the efforts, however, of genius, there is a bold and original deviation from the past. It includes a theoretical germ, prolific of offspring. The mass, which cannot fathom what it most admires, the practical, repels something far above that. The loftiest is not conservative: the ordinary is; and its conservatism, of necessity intensely selfish, because ignorant, cannot divest itself of this garb to meet even half way the approaches of genius:

‘*Omnes ingeniosus melancholicos esse.*’

This is true by necessity, for it conveys the idea of little or no sympathy between the loftiest and the vast world below it. The clear, strong-headed practical, then, is partially comprehended; but genius, nebulous from its spiritual height, calm, unimpassioned, warmed by vestal fires, is removed beyond the farthest limits of the ordinary.

Is it, then, understood by the second grand mental division, the powerful?

No man can measure his own mind. Among all there is a deficiency of self-knowledge, which increases proportionately with the growth and strength of the intellectual faculties.

If the powerful intellect, then, is incapable of measuring itself, of self-dissection, of telling its own story in its own way, can it, imperfect and deficient, go beyond itself, and employ the critical scalpel upon the energies, directions, thoughts, impulses, and nerves of the most powerful?

The supposition is manifestly absurd. Man cannot read himself, much less others. The nature of that divine portion allotted him by his MAKER to guide and direct him in his various pursuits, is wisely kept from his knowledge.

We now arrive at the final and principal inquiry: Is genius the highest perfection of intellect conscious of its powers?

Starting with the proposition that mental power is the consciousness of the existence of a number of faculties, but not of their separate or aggregate extent and force, let us induce a few conclusions which its plain significance easily warrants:

There is a feeling of uncertainty for the success of an effort made

under the most favorable circumstances. When every thing conspires to render its success positive, a dread of failure arises from the innate distrust of our own mental ability. The feeling of distrust is attributable to nothing but our self-ignorance. And here, recurring to a proposition already advanced, that as the intellect generally strengthens, each faculty enjoys a more distinctive assistance; it is unquestionable that this distrust, this modesty, a noble element of humanity, and one of its chief separatives from the brute creation, is also heightened. And genius possesses this modesty in full accordance with its powers.

Placed, by the vigorous necessities of its nature, in a position widely removed from the selfish propensities of the race, and with all the true aspirations of its being quickened to fuller pulsations than urge the blood of common men, it reposes calmly within itself, benignant with ample blessings for humanity. Bearing all this in mind, there is another and more general deduction from the initial proposition. It is parallel with the feelings and actions of all. By some mental phenomenon, our faculties are sometimes suddenly awakened to a fuller, more distinct and energetic exercise than we ever had conceived them capable of enduring. It is only at such periods, when eloquence pours forth its resistless stream, or when application probes untiringly the arcana of nature, and obtains its choicest treasures, or when by analogy and reason it feels the truth of a divine existence and power, that the soul begins to appreciate its position and importance in the sequences of creation. All, sometime in their lives, experience this sensation. But this enjoyment of the strength of mental power is as momentary as it is infrequent. And it is so by that natural law which pronounces excitement, and the consequent tension of the mental faculties, as forbidden by their constitution. This fact illustrates forcibly the position that genius is unconscious of its powers. For if the self-knowledge which for a moment, at rare intervals, is opened to the soul, was ever at the service of its possessor, the nervous activity of his nature would constantly violate the universal law of repose.

It is a principle of our being, that the more we exercise our mental functions, the more powerful is their calibre.

There is, however, no halting-place in this progressive improvement, at which we may sum up our powers and obtain a true estimate of their extent. Our researches are interrupted by that prostration of intellect which sometimes follows a life of constant activity, or we are called away to the dim hereafter, leaving behind unsolved problems, and as distant from an entire conception of ourselves as from the solution of things unexplained.

So long as there are questions to be answered, theories and systems to be framed and promulgated, so long will great minds be devoted to the task. For each new attempt tests their strength and induces farther developments. All human study finds this result. The *End-all* of this progressive inquiry is not of earth: it is of the eternal future, beyond the valley, where the great PRESENCE shall of itself reveal to our souls their inner natures and the economies of its systems!

It is inconsistent with the plan of human existence that man should know himself, in the full and accurate sense. If he could read his own soul, and knew its innate power, where would not his ambition aspire;

what, however exalted, be not its object? The plain of Shinar had its tower: the Titans are myths, exemplifying the same principle: in these existences, natural laws were violated, and eternal destruction was their doom.

Thus far have we examined this interesting subject: interesting because it is the field in which we study the lives, characters, and principles of those who have charmed and instructed the world with their eloquence, philosophy, and poetry.

In conclusion, glance upon the two divisions of intellect we have previously compared, as the practical and the most powerful:

The first jostles amid and against the realities of life; forms strong, in a certain degree correct, notions of their relative and actual importance. Guided by these observations, it conducts itself with that nice propriety taught by collision with every-day life. But it is confined by the materialism of its nature within such narrow limits, that a deviation to the right or left is considered as an infringement of social prescriptions.

In one respect happy, in another unwittingly the fool of circumstances, the great practical, tutored in the school of 'strict observance,' scorns and derides, unable to sympathize with the erratic propensities of human nature. It considers genius as erratic; and because fools have been eccentric as well as men of genius, it reverses the title, giving to each a false birth-right.

The obliquity of human nature is developed by circumstances, and by them effectually or only partially eradicated. If Rousseau and Goldsmith are cited before the tribunal of common sense, their warmest admirers cannot traverse the plea of guilty. But if they lacked the great essential to ultimate success, it will be found that every circumstance of their early lives conspired against its development. But they did possess the subtle essence, GENIUS; and despite poverty, contumely, and uncontrollable passions, they have transmitted living and imperishable names.

There cannot be a nobler spectacle than Genius, when it allies itself to the practical and useful. It then utters no discordant notes, but advances with propriety its opinions, based upon satisfactory argument. It revels in an ideal world, and yet moves gracefully among its fellows, adding new lustre to the coarsest thing it touches.

Genius has the rare gift of true modesty, and to this is attributable its paucity in the world of fame. It is deficient in that heartless confidence that men now rely upon. It retires to muse within the silent chambers of its soul: its aspirations, its meaning, its outward and inner existence, are unappreciated by those around it.

'Crazed!' How often is that the epithet bestowed upon it, by heedless Ignorance! And crazed it may well be, by all the empty pomp, the fooleries of life, this endless seeking after gold and grasping ashes!

There is a class of men emulating, and sometimes considered as possessed of, genius. By an ever-present egotism, they attach themselves with prominence to any thing that may elevate their condition. They are like the Lybian Psapho, who taught birds to sing, 'Psapho is a God,' and then set them free, to warble his divinity wherever they might fly.

Of such is not the child of genius. Yet thus it is, and always will be,

until the materialistic selfishness of man is checked, and his nature prompted, by the circumstances of daily life, to those spiritual yearnings after that truth which the great RULER ordered and adopted in the creation of this our world.

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THE GREAT REJECTED :

OR HOW MOUNT ÆTNA COURTED AN ICEBERG, AND GOT 'THE MITTEN.'

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BY GEORGE P. BISSELL.

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As Mount ÆTNA sat smoking his pipe t' other day,  
 With his head in the clouds and his foot in the bay,  
 He began to think over the course he had run ;  
 The fields he had wasted, (not fields he had won ;)   
 And he thought it was time that an old man like he  
 Should have sowed his wild oats, should have finished his spree.  
 He resolved to be steady the rest of his life,  
 And quietly settle—first taking a wife.  
 But who should he get, which way should he go,  
 And how to begin, he didn't quite know.  
 He must have some tall mountain or hill for his bride,  
 Or some prominent object to stand by his side.  
 He thought of the URAL Mountains or ANDES :  
 He was too old for them ; they were partial to dandies.  
 Then he thought of the Pyramids down at CAIRO :  
 Them he didn't quite fancy—he could n't tell why, though :  
 He knew they were 'bricks,' as the phrase is, but then  
 He looked somewhat at beauty, like most other men ;  
 And they were no beauties, though well built and trim :  
 They were rather too peaked, he thought, to suit him.  
 Mount of OLIVES he thought of, and was strongly inclined  
 To see her at once, and to tell her his mind ;  
 But then he was fearful of subsequent wars,  
 For Olives, he'd heard, were always in jars.

Then he thought for a while of Miss Mount MORIAH,  
 And once almost concluded to step up and try her ;  
 But he 'was n't acquainted ;' did n't know her face :  
 He had heard of her goodness, her talent and grace,  
 But he wished a 'perfectly beautiful creature,'  
 And her temple, 't was said, was her only fine feature.  
 He then sighed for MONT BLANC ; she was too far in-land,  
 And, beside, he much doubted if she'd give him her hand :  
 If he wrote her a note, or if even he went,  
 It was doubtful indeed if she yielded assent ;  
 For many had heard, to their sorrow and pain,  
 The ascent of MONT BLANC not so easy to gain.  
 Mount TABOR, Mount IDA, and ARARAT, too,  
 With old Mount PARNASSUS, all passed in review :  
 The first were old maids, and all of a piece,  
 And PARNASSUS, the slattern, was always in Greece.

No, these none of them suited; 't was really too bad:  
 Old ÆTNA in earnest began to feel sad.  
 He sat himself down; scalding tears did he shed,  
 And he sprinkled hot ashes all over his head.  
 At last, when his thoughts were most dismal and drear,  
 There shot through his head a most brilliant idea:  
 He'd make love to an Iceberg, so stately and trim,  
 So tall and majestic, so blue and so slim;  
 There were crowds of them floating up in the north seas,  
 And an Iceberg, he thought, would be easy to please.  
 He at once laid his plans; to the cold frigid zone  
 He would go the next morning, afoot and alone:  
 He would call on old HECLA, that sturdy old hero,  
 Whose heart was so warm in that climate of zero:  
 Old HECLA would show him the way it was done,  
 And perhaps tie the knot when the Iceberg was won.

The next morning, as good as his plan, he was there,  
 Somewhat nipped, to be sure, with the cold, frosty air;  
 But HECLA was cordial: he at once spread the cloth,  
 And served him up, hot, some delightful snow-broth.  
 The meeting was happy; the greeting was warm;  
 And ÆTNA forgot soon the cold and the storm.  
 When the table was cleared, he took HECLA aside,  
 And in confidence told him he had come for a bride;  
 That he had an idea it would be very nice  
 In his warm southern home to have one made of ice:  
 In short, that if HECLA would give him a lift,  
 He would take the first Iceberg found floating adrift.

Old HECLA looked wise, and then he looked queer,  
 And he gazed at his guest with a comical leer.  
 Said he: 'Mister ÆTNA, the idea may be pleasing  
 To a hot-head like you, but to me it is freezing.  
 You will find it cold work, and I rather guess  
 It won't be so easy to make one say 'Yes.'  
 These damsels, you know, are afloat far and wide,  
 And though always at sea, they hate to be tied.  
 Experience taught me: I'll own to the truth;  
 I had just such a flame, myself, early in youth.  
 We met at a dance in the Arctic ball-room,  
 And we whirled through a waltz in the mighty Mælstrom:  
 I fell deeply in love, and CURN's swift dart,  
 In the form of an icicle, cut to my heart:  
 I proposed on the spot; I made vows by the score,  
 And used very freely the phrase, 'I adore';  
 But 't was all of no use; she plainly said 'No!'  
 Was surprised at the offer: (they always say so:)  
 'She liked me,' she said, 'very well as a friend,'  
 But there all my hopes and my wishes must end.  
 By this answer so cold I was badly frost-bitten,  
 And in kindness, at parting, she gave me a mitten.'

This story of HECLA's made ETNA feel glum;  
 It chilled his young ardor, and set him back *some*:  
 But he would go ahead; he wasn't the man  
 To turn short about in the midst of a plan;  
 So he told his kind host he was bound to propose  
 To the next passing Iceberg, if it thoroughly froze  
 The lava within him; and as to the 'nay,'  
 He would risk getting that;—'t wasn't often the way

That young ladies answered a positive 'catch,'  
Such as he himself was: (the conceited young wretch!)

HECLA urged him no more; for he saw with regret  
That on having an Iceberg his mind was firm set:  
He fell in with his plan; and to best lend his aid,  
The very next night a large party he made,  
To which all the belles from the pole he invited,  
As well as some others, that none might feel slighted.  
For beaux they had glaciers and men of that class —  
*Ice glaciers*, I mean; not *glaziers* of glass.

The party was splendid; the invited all came:  
There were Bergs from the north, of all nations and name:  
Some came from the pole; some from quite the north-west,  
Where they say there's a passage for which they're in quest:  
Some came from the east; and some, no wise inferior,  
Came all the way down from the coast of Siberia:  
Some glittered with jewels from the head to the heels,  
And some, like our dandies, were loaded with seals.

Mount *ÆTNA*, of course, was presented to all:  
Some names he forgot, some he could not recall;  
But he got along well, take all things together,  
And, 't was noticed by all, was in very high feather.

Well! the party broke up, as all parties do,  
And then was the strife who should go home with who.  
Our hero, of course, succeeded quite well,  
For he cut them all out, and went home with the belle.  
She lived at the axis: 't was quite a long walk;  
But the longer the road, of course longer the talk.  
She put on her things, and muffled up warm;  
He carried her slippers and she took his arm;  
They chatted awhile as they walked on together;  
They talked of the moon and remarked of the weather.  
A silence ensued: *then ÆTNA* began  
To make desperate love like a desperate man:  
He told her his love with a heart-felt out-pouring,  
And, as all lovers do, he fell to adoring:  
He told her he loved her when first they had met,  
And his love was enduring, for he loved her well yet:  
He loved her, he said, as he did his own life;  
He offered, in short, to make her his wife.

Just as HECLA predicted, the beauty was cold;  
She gave him the sack, and poor *ÆTNA* was 'sold.'  
She answered him 'No,' and was really unkind,  
For she seasoned the dose with a piece of her mind.  
She told him she knew nothing of him, except  
That he came from the south, and was quite an adept  
At burning rich fields, and such youthful corruptions,  
And she'd heard he was troubled with awful eruptions.

This last was a damper; it froze him clear through:  
He was cut to the quick; but what could he do?  
His eyes were glare ice; his tongue could not speak;  
He tried, but could only just gibber and squeak:  
For the rest of the walk he said nothing more,  
But saw her in silence quite home to her door;  
Then he turned on his heel: with a bound and a whistle, he  
Struck a bee-line for the island of Sicily.

*Springfield, Mass.*

## ON THE GENIUS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY F. W. SHELTON.

At the very hey-day of the renown of this great master, some remarks on his general characteristics cannot be out of place. Having, before he reached the age of thirty-five, attained to an unexampled popularity, when at last we might expect that he would become exhausted, or repose on the laurels already won, we find him to possess a fresh alacrity, which belongs to the beginning of a career. He has outstripped those who started before him, and has not been overtaken by any who went after him. After so many works published, the edge of expectation has not become blunted, and tens of thousands on this side the water are waiting eagerly for the first sheets of 'Bleak House.'

In this respect he stands in marked contrast with many popular writers of his generation. A few, who happen suddenly on some vein of surpassing richness, afterward are only able to reproduce themselves. For, dig as long as they may, there is no more ore in their vicinity to be found, and it only remains for them to represent it in an expansive paper-currency. Then there is an imitative set, who can create nothing, but so slavishly copy originals as to deceive almost 'the very elect.' Their race is also short. We own likewise a sort of contempt for a class of novelists, men of no genius, grown gray in the service, whose greatest stretch of imagination is, that novel-writing is 'the chief end of man.' The few stock-actors on their minor theatre still appear dressed up in the tattered garments of the same old wardrobe, and are recognized at a glance.

But there are many of decided talent who, from degrading the *Ars Poetica* to a mere trade, seem fairly to have written themselves out; while the early, spontaneous leafing of their genius has become changed to a deplorable seediness of aspect. Of the great writers of fiction who hold their own, there is not one whose reputation is more deeply or solidly established than that of Charles Dickens. The deluge of swashy literature may pass over it; the winds and shallow waves of changing fashion, or superstition, or politics, without shaking it; because it is founded upon a rock.

Highest genius consists in ability to illustrate principles of widest application by types or language most universally understood. If this definition be correct, (as it is,) Dickens is destined to stand in the first rank of authors. A genuine sympathy is at the core of his works, and imparts a glowing warmth and vitality to all. That they are universally read is because they are imbued with this universal principle. It is not with fine lords and fine ladies that they have to do; but in depicting life and characters in the humbler classes, they bespeak in advance the most extensive interest. For poverty, which is hardly an accident, but a common lot and natural birth-right of the masses, is itself a bond of communion with the many. In the depth of this poverty the author of the



Pickwick Papers has discovered his wealth. Hence he has gathered the accessories best fitted to adorn a heart-felt tale; and his illustrations return to common life, from which they came, with a signal stamp and attestation of their verity. Nor does he separate from him any class of readers by such a choice, because the grandest pore with ever-fresh delight upon

‘The short and simple annals of the poor.’

It is true that some mercenary scribblers have mistaken the ground of our author's popularity; and, because he has depicted the humble, they have chosen to grovel with the bad. Because he has unveiled sufferings to deprecate the oppressor, or with a tender solicitude to heal, they have exhibited the leprosy, and sickness, and convulsions of degraded nature for a disgusting show. The romance of such history will occasionally bring its lovers to the prison or the scaffold, while, in a literary point of view, it is worthless, being relieved by no intervening lights and shadows. *O imitatores! vulgum pecus!* Dickens's works are favorably distinguished by their universality from any other class of novels. The sentimental romance is neglected now, not so much from changing forms, as from want of substance. It borrowed its old success partly from actual merit, partly from rarity of works, and the listening age of literary childhood. The long-drawn story was followed with fixed attention to the end. It is true that love was the ground-work and staple of the story, as it is to this day; but your sentimental lover is no more the representative of the true lover, than Tytyrus of the genuine swain. If the common reader were interested, it was not by arousing his best sympathies, albeit some ‘good moral’ might be professed or conveyed. It might be because it conducted him into the charmed circle of high life, into the disturbed and shallow vortex of mere fashion, where its votaries were on the surface a little while, from whom he returned shortly to the common world, and sought in vain for any counterpart. But there is a curious and minute attention to details in those writers, which imparts a charm. Thus, to lend interest to the combat, you are told what is to be the knight's equipment a-going to battle; how the shields are blazoned, and what plumes are worn; just as old Homer thinks it not unworthy to inform you where the spear of his hero flourished when it was yet a tender sapling; in the midst of what renowned wood, or on the brink of what classic river. Whatever turns out in the protracted romances of the Scuderi, their very tedium has an alleviation for the cultivated and the home-bred. A degree of affection ensues upon long acquaintance, as well as a feeling of regret at parting, and he is a stony-hearted reader who is satisfied with a book at a sitting, and throws it aside. When persons truly genial sit down to hear a ‘long yarn’ or read a story, they wish to do so by the warmth of the winter fire, and with the long night before them, or perhaps the long winter, to complete the tale; to forget the past and present, and still to return to the familiar persons of the drama, whose very life is now commingled with their own. Nevertheless, their interest in the sentimental lover at the longest is but short, inasmuch as the world he lives in contains nothing which is common to their own, and they cannot encounter him elsewhere with a look of recognition, much less with any fellowship of the soul. In vain, then, have

some of the old writers depicted love. It is the very want of it which renders them a dead letter, since it is not the simple affection, stripped of elaborate graces, which belongs to the high and low, and which is the same in all.

This highest humanity of letters endears us to Dickens almost beyond Scott, although this is saying a great deal; because the works of the latter are also honest, cordial, right-minded, and with the best tendency. In Scott, too, we wonder at a minute faithfulness and attention to details. You are excited as with a present spectacle; catch the pomp and glitter of some vast array; behold the scenes shift, hear the sound of music and the tramp of multitudes. He makes us shudder as in the sensible damp of some dungeon, with its staple, and chain, and pitcher, and iron entering the soul; or rejoice in the abode of cheerfulness, where not a flower is unpainted by the quiet porch. He causes the hills to swell beyond the pleasant vales, while all around you hear the lowing herds, as he paints the over-arching sky and sun-lit scenery. No theatre with its illusions could present objects more vividly. His individuals always stand before you as if represented in a tableau. As such they recur to the memory, whether we think of two men locked in a still struggle on the edge of a precipice; the heroic attitude of a woman who threatens to leap from a tower; Diana Vernon's gay horsemanship, or the victim bound by Rob Roy MacGregor's guards, when 'the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.' A ball was once given to Scott in Italy, in which the costumes were adapted to all the characters which the master's hand had ever drawn. But the form of Jeannie Deans, if there represented, must have recalled the most tender associations, because the heroism of true affection is the most beautiful, though it be in the guise of poverty, and the path of its glory only through the valley of tears. And for the reason that we prize the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' above the more gorgeous creations of its author, we elevate Dickens above many others for the very field into which he has entered. The painting of national scenes and characters has in it indeed an element of wide appreciation and success. But His appeal is beyond narrow limits; it absorbs the lesser in the greater, and nationality becomes itself selfish, for there is a communion which is catholic, whose symbols are intelligible wherever there is a heart to beat. We would not be interested save comparatively with any thing which is adventitious, but only with that which is human; and as to human attributes, with those which are more universal. Thus intellect itself must fly for succor to affection. In the strength of the former there is weakness; in the weakness of the latter there is strength.

A similar scope marks all writers who durably impress the age in which they live, and are for all time. Shakspeare holds possession of the stage, and is more read and better understood than ever, because he fulfils the definition with which we set out. The unlearned are capable of understanding his knowledge, because he holds the mirror up to common nature. The secret of our entertainment is, not that he depicts men as kings, but kings as men; not men as peasants, but again peasants as men. The student of history does not read his plays because they appertain to periods, but to that which is the same in all ages.

If we examine a few prominent characters depicted in the writings of Dickens, they serve to illustrate the foregoing remarks. Pickwick, the greater and lesser Weller, are endeared to the reader, and claimed for immortality by the same breadth of delineation. The adventitious part of the elder Weller is his destiny as a coachman. But McAdam roads belong to a modern era. Time was when a 'pike' was not known; and, *procul dubio*, we are afraid time will be when a pike will no more be known, and the explosion of the whip-lash and rumbling of chariot-wheels be never heard. Our affection is not for the temporality. We are pleased, not because the Weller is a coachman, but because the coachman is a Weller. And what is a Weller? He is a philosopher older than Plato or Aristotle. There is an element in his character worthy of universal imitation. His eye twinkles with a loving humor on the very vicissitudes of life. He may be deceived by a Trotter; he may be a witness to the melancholy defection of widows, to the atrocities of a Jingle; but neither Trotters, nor widows, nor Jingles, can imbue his wisdom with a melancholy tinge. The very severity of a rebuff serves only to enhance his pleasantry. "Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sir?" replied Mr. Weller. "Have the goodness to reserve your anecdotes till they are called for!" "Cert'nly, Sir." Here Mr. Weller winked the eye which was not concealed by the beer-can he was raising to his lips, with such exquisite facetiousness that the two boys went into spontaneous convulsions, and even the long man condescended to smile. Blessed be the kindly spirit of Mr. Weller! a deaf, dumb, and blind oyster is enough to set his pleasant philosophy at work, and a 'weal-pie' is suggestive of the most important considerations. But how does his heart overflow at the slightest congeniality of the passing hour; a mere tankard of ale, the entertainment of a 'boiled swarry,' or the 'werry pretty' figure of Mary! It is hard to do sufficient justice to the analysis of such a character. Think of a disposition which is hard, ill-natured, corrugated, and morose, which lacks lustre, and philosophy, and philanthropy, and the reverse of this might bear a resemblance to Mr. Weller. But we like him not because he is a figure *sui generis*, *sed humani generis*. Ever since the world began, a Weller has escorted a Pickwick. In other words, humor and benevolence are apt to be conjoined. This has raised up a dubious boundary question betwixt smiles and tears. Weller is the articulate voice of a Pickwick. They are, in fact, one; separated only by the artificial distinction of master and man. The same plausible view of the world as it is, brought them into coalition. Mr. Pickwick's humor is of the quiet kind. He is a *chuckler*. Nobody knows how much those kind of people enjoy. There is nothing to show for it but a glutinous gurgle of the throat, or a slight palpitation at the pit of the stomach. Their silence is a kind of despair. But it is a despair of their mother-tongue to do justice to the sensibilities of their mother-nature; and so they express themselves rarely, sometimes it may be by a mere shrugging of the shoulders, or by the dropping of a solitary tear. Mr. Pickwick's heart often revealed itself in a variety of smiles, from the first warmth and faint sunshine of appreciation, to the broadest light of expansive benevolence. He might be disturbed from his serenity by the unexpected hysterics of a Bardell, or the agitation of a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers.

In general, he looked with a recognizing smile on the lights and shadows of human life. But he wanted some one to drive him safely through the vicissitudes of the world, and to give a running commentary on things by the way-side. Now Mr. Weller was gifted with the keenest observation, and with a style of expressing himself fluent and altogether original. Once in the service of his master, he was in the very position best fitted to develope his powers, and bring his acquisitions to the light. The precious beams of his humor are shed over all the transactions of the Pickwick Club, and the force of his illustrations loses nothing from his Doric dialect, while the severity of sarcasm is mitigated by the affectionate suavity of his *we's*. From the days of Solomon down to those of Tupper, it is doubtful whether Weller has ever been exceeded for the profuseness or aptness of his similitudes; and a *cheerful* philosophy is apparent in all he says. He can allude to the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, where he was forced to sleep in times when he wanted a better shelter, as 'unfurnished lodgings,' and his progenitor regards perplexities from widows as a capital remedy for the gout. This kind of philosophy ran in the family. Thus, when mother-in-law blew up the governor, he 'whistled.' When she flew into a passion and broke his pipe, he stepped out and got another. When she screamed 'werry loud' and fell into 'stericks,' he 'spoke werry comfortable till she come to again.' Mr. Pickwick knew his hero at the first glance; and the summary manner in which the bargain was closed, when he engaged him for his servant, showed the strength of his prepossession. He liked him because he was a fellow of infinite humor; as one with whom he could exchange smile for smile, and with whom side would correspond with side, in being split with laughter; but in whom, also, he saw that, without which the sound of merriment is as the mere crackling of thorns under a pot. A golden vein of benevolence lay under his homely wit, which will be evident on a scanty examination of the pages of the Pickwick Club. It may be seen in his interview at the pump with a certain lacquey, named Job Trotter, who was reading a Methodist hymn-book with a very godly cast of countenance, and who informed him as a great secret, after being refreshingly treated at the tap, that his master was to elope that very night with a young girl at boarding-school, who was considered the picture of innocence and discretion. The proceeding was indeed cruel, and ought to be nipped in the bud, but it was very painful to Mr. Trotter to inform against his master. What was he to do?

'Do!' said Sam. 'Diwulge to the Missus, and give up your master.' Here was a burst of right feeling too sudden to be restrained. Why did Mr. Trotter contrive this artful story, unless he knew that his victim's heart was soft as wax? And why was the remarkable shrewdness of a Weller so utterly at fault in this instance; and why did he permit his judgment to go a 'wistin,' except that the benevolent are ever incredulous? The dreadful consequences which befel Mr. Pickwick in also believing this story of Job Trotter, and his attempt to rescue the girl, are they not recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Pickwick Club, together with the indignation of Mr. Weller, and his resolution to punish the 'melancholy chap with the black hair' 'venever he caught hold of him?' We set it down to the account of human infirmity that he actu-

ally meditated his revenge. Think of the mortification of losing a reputation for insight which was hereditary, and earned by the exploits of a life-long; of being taken in and made a laughing-stock for one's friends! 'I'm werry sorry, Sammy,' said the elder Weller, when he heard the disgrace which had befallen his family, 'I'm werry sorry, Sammy, to hear from your lips as you let yourself be gammoned by that ere mulberry-man. I always thought, up to three days ago, that the names of Veller and gammon could never come into contact, Sammy, never!'

But what was the cruel vengeance of Mr. Weller? Time, which brings about the just punishment of villany, had heaped reverses on the head of the deceitful Trotter when Sam encountered him. Things had greatly altered with him; and when Mr. Weller had surveyed the squalid appearance of his companion, (which was greater than that of his namesake,) and illustrated it by a proverbial remark; when Job remarked, 'with a look of momentary slyness,' that tears were not the only proofs of distress, to which Mr. Weller assented in a figure; when Job at last, pointing to his *sallow, sunken cheeks, and drawing up his coat-sleeve, disclosed an arm which looked as if the bone could be broken at a touch*; then, in one of those exquisite serio-comic passages which abound in *Pickwick*, we are told of the effect upon Sam's feelings, and how in his overflowing goodness he fairly dragged the starving, repentant sinner to the tap-room, and, placing before him a brim-full, foaming mug, he said, 'Drink that up, every drop on it; and then turn the pot upside down to let me see as you've took the medicine.'

Perhaps it might be objected that the younger Weller was a party to what might be called the unchristian chastisement of one Mr. Stiggins. Yet, to venture an original sentiment, 'there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue;' and, in truth, the 'Shepherd' had arrived at that degree of hypocritical assurance, under the genial influence of 'pine-apple rum,' that, for his own good and that of families, it became a positive act of charity to kick him out of doors. We may remark of Mr. Stiggins, that he is not to be claimed merely by the respectable society to which he belongs, nor is it the aim of the author to turn that peculiar class into ridicule. He represents the villainous hypocrisy which, in all ages, lurks under the complexion of an oily sanctimony, and especially at this day. There is a set of fussy fellows who lubricate the cogs and manage the screws of what they are pleased to call 'great moral engines,' and who modestly suggest to DIVINE PROVIDENCE that this and that Yankee contrivance would serve to facilitate the appointed methods, which appear too slow.

Notwithstanding an act of severity, (and the whole scene, from the entrance of the Shepherd, and Mr. Weller's dancing about him with 'cork-like buoyancy,' up to the point of his immersion in a horse-trough, tells the hand of Dickens,) the principal trait of the elder Weller is not obscured. Though not so much embodied in the form of a virtue, as in the case of the brothers Cheeryble, it gives room for delightful shading by the very contrast of frailty. If we remember Sir Roger de Coverley, we loved him better because his goodness was blended with a little weakness. Sterne knew a secret, and infused it like a charm over *Le Fevre's* tender story. 'He shall *not* die,' exclaimed my uncle Toby; but he

accompanied the exclamation with an impassioned oath. It was the unguarded expression which came at the moment from a heart brim-full of tenderest sympathy.

Other characters in *Pickwick* possess the like universal appreciation, whether they bring you to the verge of tears, or of the most inflammatory laughter. Thus we find the whole book has been translated into Russian, and is extremely relished. It has met with a reception in the palaces of the Czar, in the saloons of St. Petersburg, and Moscow, 'that great city,' and has been perused, it may be, by the Cossacks and Nomad tribes. It would be difficult to find a work more wedded to our mother-tongue with peculiar idioms, which seem to defy the very thought of transfer. What is Samivel in Russian, or how shall Samivel manage his *we's* (*v's*)? Though Mr. *Pickwick* also may speak indifferently in a foreign language, and Sam's loquacity be at a comparative stand, there is still enough about these distinguished personages, by virtue of their partnership, to work their independent way in all parts of Christendom where there are any high-ways, and where any civilized 'human natur' is to be found. John Bull and Brother Jonathan alike claim them; Monsieur delights in them; sunny South cries Bravo; cold and frigid North, where there is no day-light, is warmed into a sunny glow.

Squeers differs *toto cælo* from Mr. *Pickwick*. But does he inhabit Yorkshire only? So thought sundry persons who knew him, and could swear to his personal identity, and besought the Rector of Dotheboys Hall to bring an action for slander. Yet ever since birch flourished, the system of pedagoguism has been associated with it in its application to the tenderer parts. Boyer used to cry out, 'I have a good mind to flog you, sirrah.' In fifteen minutes he would leap furiously from his seat on the unsuspecting offender, saying, 'and I will, too!' This is the testimony of Coleridge. Yet this was not so much like Boyer, as Boyer was like his whole class. Did Squeers alone discover 'richness' in a pot of milk infinitely diluted? Other professors have shown the same keen detection of luxury, when little boys were to be frugally fed. As to the nibbling of a pen, which the artist has illustrated in one of the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*, that picture will find its original far beyond the date of Rogers's patent, and is coëval with the goose. The 'school-spoon' which Mistress Squeers was in vain searching, when Smike's wits were quickened by having his ears boxed, to suggest that probably it might be found in the lady's pocket, where, indeed, it was—the school-spoon, wherein treacle and sulphur were administered to correct the too exuberant blood of youth, is older than molasses, and contemporaneous with ring-worms. The creation of Squeers is one of the most faithful and enjoyable which ever came from the author's pen. The very name is given with a most subtle accuracy and philosophy of nomenclature. As *Gazelle* is suggestive of the graceful darling, and *Lion* of a royal look, and *Fox* is a shrewd word, and *Elephant* declares the grandeur of the beast; so no body could be mistaken as to what a Squeers should be. You would recognize him among a variety of animals, though accident had removed him from his birch. Little children would instinctively stand in the attitude of self-defence, and every one who had been blessed with the first rudiments of education would instinctively cry out, 'Surely that



must be a Squeers.' But even had the author been less fortunate in his christening, never was a picture better drawn. It would be recognized in the back-woods of America, in the wilds of Oregon, wherever youth are indoctrinated, 'boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, and provided with all necessaries.' Not 'Young England,' not 'Young America,' but the whole young world of floggable age, ought to have grateful loins for this picturesque description. Thanks be to Dickens for what he has done for poor *men*, and many thanks for what he has done for poor *boys*; a new and hitherto neglected department of Humanity. He has brought to light the evils which lurked beneath the systems of cruelty. Boy, whether fortified by toughness or shrinking in his delicacy, never tells of the disgraces of the school-room, or the stinging, cutting severity of the rod. His highest hoppings, his most agonized wriggings, the pang of the elastic birch, so exquisite as to be almost pleasure, are concealed from *men*. Many desirable reforms are on the hither side of that point to which legislators have addressed them; in short, before the treble and the bass fight for supremacy in the boy's throat; as early as that year which the shepherd Damon calls *alter ab undecimo*. How much is required to be done, let the form of the dejected Smeke answer; the pathetic voice of 'Oliver asking for more.'

We are willing to appeal to one of the Christmas Stories of Mr. Dickens for the distinctive excellence of the writer, although it is a scanty production, dismissed with a few lines and touches of the pencil, yet full of grace and truth. The sublimity of self-sacrifice is the lesson taught in the 'Battle of Life;' and because the proceeding of Marian is thought questionable, and the author has transferred an attribute usually given to uncommon junctures to *common life*, he is thought to have detracted from the consistence of the tale. Yet we cannot see that the crowning act savors less of probability than the other incidents. Noble deeds are often heralded by noble circumstances; but in the valley where the corn grows, or tendrils of the vine clasp the domestic bowers, there is many a more glorious struggle which is never known. Wherever a mother presses a child to her heart, there lives a resolution gigantic enough to drown with it in the water, or perish with it in the flames. The still conquest of any selfishness is better than victory with the clangor of arms.

'*LATIUS regnes avidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Lybiam remotis  
Gadibus jungas et uterque Poënus  
Serviat uni.*'

It is not true that the resolve of Marian is beyond the limits of probability, or that there is any conflict except of one love with another in order to make the nobler triumph. At any rate, is not the lesson Christian? We are willing to acknowledge heroic deeds which belong to some great exigence, or are mingled with the dim fables of history. Rather we should say, let *every day* witness something which is sublime. Scarce an hour passes when it does not become a duty to undergo some sacrifice, to withhold some glance which might cause destruction, to withdraw some footstep which might fall crushingly, to deny yourself in order that the hungry might be satisfied, or to take up some burden in order that the weary may have rest.



There are certain characteristics of style, a cunning and unprecedented use of words and figures, in which Mr. Dickens excels, which give a stalking animation to objects destitute of life. Herein is a great art, to translate the abstruse idea into the material figure appreciated by the common sense of common men. Thus a *single word* may be pictorial, and successive words become successive pictures. But if all who write for all to read knew this, they would not be able to avail themselves of the knowledge. If they did, they would be using an inverse process, since Shakspeare, and every true genius, had it by intuition. Rules of rhetoric are drawn from preëxisting models, and not the reverse. Personification is used with great effect. How remarkable, for instance, this description of the night-wind: 'Wandering round and round a building, and moaning as it goes, trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors, and seeking out some crevices at which to enter; and when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again, and, not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters; *then flings itself despairingly on the stones below, and passes muttering into the vaults.*' Was ever an airy spirit made more visible by witchcraft, and gifted with a 'local habitation' and a bodily shape? Again, the author speaks of 'fruiterer's shops,' where there were 'great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. And ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars: and winking from their sleeves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up misletoe. Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper-bags, and eaten after dinner!' Mark his description of Kettle, in the first chapter of 'Cricket on the Hearth.' 'The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It would n't allow itself to be adjusted on the top-bar; it would n't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal. It would lean forward with a drunken air, and *dribble, a very idiot of a kettle*, on the hearth. But presently the kettle began to spend the evening; and we should quote more largely than would be consistent with an essay, to describe the whole moral conduct of the said kettle, how it grew musical and convivial. Can any thing exceed it, except when the writer exceeds himself by going on to describe the contest between kettle and cricket, applying thereto the technicalities of the ring? From first to last we notice the like art of successful personification. Miss Blimber was 'dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. They must be dead, stone-dead, and then she dug them up, like a Ghoul.' Doctor Blimber's young gentlemen knew no rest from the pursuit of stony-hearted verbs, savage noun-substantives, and inflexible syntactic passages.' The author has a reverse method, no less successfully employed. 'Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house. All the boys blew before their time. *Mental green-peas* were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. But there was not the right taste about the premature productions.' All

figures are used, or others hitherto unknown are invented, as the occasion demands. Sometimes a part is put for the whole, and the man denominated by the cravat he wears; and we pause to admire the happy coincidence of thought and expression, in which a sympathetic language yields up the proper word. Such was that 'complicated' kick, the last of a series which invested the person of Mr. Stiggins, which, duly analyzed, we may suppose to have consisted of motive force, energy, and the application of civil engineering incompatible with passion, yet requisite to make the aim sure. No man falls more happily on the identical phrase, (shining guinea that it is!) like one 'born to good luck,' or from intuitive erudition, or from deliberate choice. Poets\* often gratulate themselves when they have had the like fortune, as Keats clapped his hands for joy when he had invented that

'Lucent syrop tinct with cinnamon.'

Our author can use a refined Attic, or, when the scenes of the comedy shift and introduce less polished characters, he puts words into their mouths which neither a Weller, a Swiveller, nor a Mantilini, could wish to repudiate. A few sentences from him are often more suggestive than a whole page of description. How happily does he call up, though merely in passing, the whole mirth and jollity attendant upon a snow-storm! But when he paints, his picture is almost more crowded with quaint minutiae than any of the immortal Hogarth. No man knows better how to describe those little nestling-places and retired nooks where the river of domestic life flows calm and beautiful; and as you read, the bosom heaves, the tear trembles. It is like being in some delightful garden, where every influence is seductive to the soul, and the birds sing, the bees murmur, and the humming-bird darts down to identify itself with the flowers, 'to paint the lily, to adorn the rose.' In short, the works of this author will live, not only for the sake of their genius, but because they appeal to our best sympathies, and sustain the cause of the suffering poor. For when the arm of legislation hung down inactive, their powerful, earnest pleadings, like those of poor Hood, have not sued for redress in vain. They shall be admired at some later day, not on account of antiquity, but in spite of it; because they have set forth nothing less general than the truth of nature, and appeal to all men by a common bond.

\* A DISPOSITION is observable in some of the author's later productions to run occasionally into blank verse. Of this, a more curious exemplification than any we have seen, is to be found in the 'Christmas Carol:'

'THEN up rose Mrs. CRATCHIT, CRATCHIT's wife,  
Dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown,  
But brave in ribands, which are cheap, and make  
A goodly show for six-pence, and she laid  
The cloth, assisted by BELINDA CRATCHIT,  
Second of her daughters, also brave in ribands:  
While Master PETER CRATCHIT plunged a fork  
Into the saucepan of potatoes, and  
Getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-  
Collar (Bon's private property, conferred  
Upon his son and heir in honor of  
The day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find  
Himself so gallantly attired, and yearned  
To show his linen in the fashionable parks.'

Thus far the measure is unimpeachable, and would be to the end of the paragraph, with slight liberties, until the slow

'POTATOES, bubbling up, knocked loudly at  
The saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.'

All this, however, is a mere accident, the natural tendency to his own element, by a poet who writes in prose.

They have exhibited, for the most part, neither ghosts vanishing into thin air, nor beings surrounded by conventional graces, nor hateful vice carved into an heroic attitude; but creatures of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, human heart and human affections. They have depicted characters, though good, not perfect; though bad, not altogether hopeless; not angels, for then they were too high for our sympathy; not devils, for then they had been beyond the sphere of our regret.

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H O M E L E S S .

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BY WILLIAM S. GLAZIER.

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SHE stood alone on the sullen pier,  
 With the night around, and the river below,  
 And a voice, it seemed to her half-crazed ear,  
 Was heard in the water's plashing flow:  
 'You are tired and worn; come hither and sleep,  
 Where your poor dim eyes shall cease to weep,  
 And no morning shall break in sorrow.'

The long grass hung from each wave-washed pile,  
 And the water amid its loose locks ran;  
 And she thought, with a strange and ghastly smile,  
 Of a long-fled day, and a false, false man;  
 How her fingers had combed his damp brown hair—  
 But he and the world had left her there,  
 With no friend but the beckoning water.

Was Heaven so far, that no angel arm  
 Might round the Homeless in love be thrown,  
 To keep her away from hurt or harm?  
 Or was it, in truth, a mercy shown,  
 That left her at night, alone, to think  
 Of her manifold woes upon the brink  
 Of that deep and pitiless river?

She looked to the far-off town, and wept;  
 And oh! could you blame the poor girl's tears?  
 For she thought how many a maiden slept,  
 With Love and Honor as wardens near;  
 While she was left in the world alone,  
 With none to miss her when she was gone  
 Where the merciless waves were calling.

No human eye and no human ear  
 E'er saw a struggle, or heard a sound;  
 And the curious never could spare a tear,  
 As they looked at morn on the outcast drowned;  
 But ah! had speech been given the dead,  
 Perhaps those motionless lips had said,  
 'No homeless are found in heaven.'

Newcastle, Me., April 1, 1852.

## E P I T A P H   O N   A   Y O U N G   L A D Y .

BENEATH this cold, unconscious stone,  
 A faded flower lies,  
 Whose mortal beauty never more  
 May greet our mortal eyes;  
 But HE who bore its bloom away,  
 The eye of Faith hath given,  
 And, gazing through our tears, we see  
 'Tis blooming still, in heaven.

## C O L O N E L   E A S Y .

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 BY KIT KELVIN.
 

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EVERY one knew Colonel Easy. He was familiarly called Easy Colonel. Parson Quiet knew him; Esquire Short knew him; Judge Bluff, of the adjoining county, knew him; and the Honorable Mr. Stiff knew him. It was 'How are you, Colonel, and what news have you?' He lived in a gabled-roof house, just on the corner near the Hotel; an old house, sacred to him because his father's father built it; and he was very serious when time crumbled away an old pillar that supported the portico, and obliged him to replace it with modern wood. The interior was pleasant: old family portraits looked down from the walls, and a spread-eagle protected an antique mirror by being perched above, and gazed below with open beak. The kitchen, too, looked south, and its old corners were cosy; and the fire-place, oven, and painted beams above, claimed near relationship by smooth poles stretched from one to the other, supporters for sausages, seed-corn, etc. The Colonel loved this place; and of an evening he smoked a pipe here, and laughed out of his eyes, and chatted with a neighbor and the parson, and told many funny stories. This old kitchen *was* cosy. And then the lawn, with elms, and maples, and oaks. His father played here; he had played here; his sons had played here; every blade of grass was dear to him — why not?

As I said, every one knew the Colonel. The boys in the parish, as he passed, took off their caps and whispered one to the other, 'There is Colonel Easy, a good man. I wish he could hear from his son; how long he has been gone! Papa says *he* owes Colonel Easy a great deal, for he got his contract for him; and I know Esquire Short never would have gone to the Legislature if it had n't been for the Colonel; and Judge Bluff never would have had the say about hanging 'poor Tom' if the Colonel had n't got him his judgeship.' And so it was. Colonel Easy had inherited an easy property, and, when young, *dashed* some; had always been the poor man's friend; had benefited others and not himself; had placed his parson in a lucrative position, and sent Senator Stiff to Washington, and helped Judge Bluff to the bench, and endorsed for

Esquire Short, and a great many farmers; had educated an expensive family, and at the age of sixty found his property dwindled to a small amount; enough, though, he hoped, to bury himself and companion; but he was forgetful of contingencies. If any one found himself in trouble, Colonel Easy was the man; if advice or calculation, why, Colonel Easy could do it; if pecuniary assistance, Colonel Easy; and so it had been until it was a common saying, 'Colonel Easy cares for every body and not for himself.' Yes! Reader, he was a '*clever*' man, and did many *clever* things, hoping, by so doing, to carry out the Scripture admonition, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' He had always granted favors and never asked a return, that his many kind actions might prove bread cast upon the waters in time of need, if such a season should ever come upon him. Human nature smiled in the creation of Colonel Easy; a God-send to many, a blessing to all. Why should he have burdens of sorrow, heavy trials, and sore afflictions? Alas! he was of the earth, earthy, for 'the rain falleth upon the just and the unjust alike.' The poor Colonel had shed bitter tears over the loss of two noble sons, and he mourned in bitterness for his first-born. Three scions clustered about him and opened a bright future for his old age, but two faded from his sight, and the other strayed from his call. He was childless, and yet his eye spoke kindness; his heart went forth to other's relief, and he was the same good, easy Colonel Easy. Perhaps the uncertain fate of his son Paul agonized him more than the death of his other sons; and sometimes in the gloaming, when the day had passed, a tear could be detected stealing from its covert upon kind wrinkles, yet the sight of his life-partner would clear it up, and the pleasant smile stood over the wreck. On a Sabbath at church, too, when Esquire Short's pew was sometimes the nucleus for all eyes by the return of his son from sea, the lips of Colonel Easy *would* tremble, and his hand invariably shaded his eyes; he could not help it; but his devotional air seemed more deep, and himself more contrite, malgre his intense sufferings. No one inquired of him for Paul, for he had never heard from him since his departure. He had grown up with dissipated habits, and in a wild frolic had wounded a companion and, before the result of his rashness was known, fled his home and country. This was the history of the Colonel's agony, which he had endured for twenty long years. But for his son's wild passion the Colonel had made full amends: the wounded boy he had educated and cared for as for his own. It was no less a personage than the Honorable Mr. Senator Stiff; in fact, he looked upon him as a substitute for his lost Paul. Had it not been proven before this unfortunate family trouble that Colonel Easy was proverbially a kind man, his great consideration might have been attributed to domestic sorrows; but no one, to look upon his face, could discover a *cultivated* nature; it was innate. Not a needy dwelling in the county but had felt the generous aid of this philanthropist.

But the shadows of life began to lengthen and thicken upon the Colonel's pathway. It would appear that, like unto Job, the ALMIGHTY had permitted Satan to harass him for His own wise purposes, and with the swift feet of evil had visited his friends, to steel their hearts against his misfortunes as also to bring troubles in frequent repetitions. Senator Stiff, for

whom the Colonel had largely endorsed, ever open to the memory of the injury he had sustained, as it were, from his own hand, died suddenly at Washington, with larger liabilities than his assets could cancel. The village merchant, a debtor for heavy cash sums loaned, had failed and put an end to his existence. Farmer Worthy's buildings were destroyed by fire, and his delinquencies were fearful; all which riveted the Colonel still more fast in close and awkward circumstances. He began to feel and fear. People said the Colonel had grown old very fast. Poor man! I hope he will find a quick return for his life-long services of devotion to others. Surely Judge Bluff and Esquire Short could easily advance all necessary aid, for the Colonel taught them how to do well in the world. The Colonel lamented that he could assist no more, but must *seek* assistance. A very quiet letter was sent to Judge Bluff, and a note to Esquire Short, couched in manly language of distress. He spoke of no previous business; he touched no chord of memory; it was merely for present assistance, and they could do it. He was sanguine that all was right. Return post brought the following reply from the Judge:

—ville, September, 18—.

PAUL EASY, ESQUIRE:

SIR: Your letter of the 12th, requesting a loan, is received. I regret, Sir, to say, I have made such a disposition of my ready cash that it would materially inconvenience me to favor you at this time. Hoping your many friends will appreciate your necessities,

I remain

Your obedient servant,

R. BLUFF.

The Colonel read it, wiped his spectacles, and read it again. It was from a person to whom he had rendered numerous pecuniary favors, and who owed his political position to him. Esquire Short's answer was also before him:

Tuesday morning, Sept. 18.

P. EASY, ESQ.:

SIR: I was surprised to receive your note this morning, considering your utter inability, present or prospective, to return me at any time the sum you desire. I had supposed that your heretofore honorable course of conduct was a sufficient guaranty against any such equivocal exposure of character. Of course, Sir, my expensive family prevent me from indulging you in such a strange vein.

GEORGE SHORT.

The Colonel had not recovered from this unkind and ungentlemanly reply when the Judge's letter arrived. He could scarcely believe, and yet the truth was before him. He had played the benefactor, and was reaping the usual reward. Other sources failed, and he gave up the game, retiring into a state of feeling unhappy beyond measure. There was but one more step; he strove to avoid it. He resorted to all his fertile resources, yet there was but one vision before him—an entire relinquishment of his all; the old gabled house, the kitchen, the lawn, the trees. His heart-strings were breaking, but the same pleasant face covered all.

One October day, the inhabitants of the quiet village of ——— read with sorrow the following notice in the county paper:

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—By order of GEORGE SHORT, Esq., Commissioner of Insolvency, the Subscriber will sell at Public Vendue, on the tenth of December, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right in equity which PAUL EASY, an insolvent debtor, has to redeem his farm, lying in ———.

This farm is one of the most desirable and productive in the county. On it are a large gabled-roof house and two barns.

For particulars inquire of O. J. ACORN, or the Subscriber, at Kirkstall.

E. B. FOSHMAN

October 10, 18—.

But the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb. Before the 'ides' of December had come, the thick darkness had been dissipated, and the Colonel's eye was moist with joy and happiness. His lost son Paul had returned rich from a long residence in South America, and the old gabled-house, the kitchen, the lawn, and the trees, were still his.

Reader, you have read tales without a moral, but there is one intended here. I need not define it: but do you know any Colonel Easys? Are you protégés of such an one? Have you received kindness and returned it not? Have you received bread and given a stone? Have you felt the kindness of others, and repaid them in selfishness? Is there any truth in this little tale? Was there *ever* a Colonel Easy?

T H E P A R T I N G B Y T H E S E A .

— Rursus te, nata, licebit  
Amplecti?

CLAUDIAN.

ONE more embrace, sweet one! the last  
For long, long months, perchance for years!  
The white sail climbs the gallant mast,  
The pilot at the helm appears:  
And hark! the ruthless *All ashore!*  
Farewell! —yet one—*one* last kiss more!

Now, though thou canst not hear the prayer  
We fondly breathe beside the sea,  
Our wafted kisses still shall bear  
Sweet messages of love to thee,  
As long as brimming eyes can trace  
Thy form across the widening space.

O vernal winds! whose fickleness  
The palm of change may justly claim,  
For once your wanton mood repress,  
And, sobered to a steady aim,  
Speed onward, with unwavering breath,  
The bark that bears ELIZABETH!

And when her pilgrimage is o'er,  
Her memory made a pictured shrine  
For shapes and scenes which classic lore  
Has touched with splendor half divine;  
Benignant winds! still fair abaft,  
The loving to the loving waft!

Then shall be yours a guerdon meet,  
When lips long mute from hope deferred  
Break forth in raptures wild and sweet  
As e'er Elysian echoes heard,  
When safe on Lethe's farther shore  
The parted meet to part no more!

New-York, 1852.

W. P. P.



## A S O N G O F C A L A B R I A .

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE

BY MRS M. E. DWIGHT

‘Il y a un morceau de poésie nationale dans la Calabre que j’ai entendu chanter souvent aux femmes d’Amalfi en revenant de la fontaine. Ce que ces femmes de Calabre disaient ainsi de leur ange gardien, l’humanité peut le dire de la poésie. C’est aussi cette voix intérieure qui lui parle à tous les âges, que aime, chante, prie ou pleure avec elle à toutes les phases de son pèlerinage séculaire ici bas.’

DES DESTINÉES DE LA POÉSIE.

WHEN in the orchard I, in life’s young hours,  
 Reclined beneath the blooming citron’s shade,  
 Or sported where the almond spread her flowers,  
 While spring’s light breezes with my ringlets played;  
 Deep in my soul a low, sweet voice I heard,  
 And sudden rapture shot through all my veins:  
 ’Twas not the wind, the carol of the bird,  
 Nor childhood’s accents that my being stirred,  
 Nor manhood’s tones, nor woman’s gentler strains:  
 The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 It was thy heart soft whispering to mine.

Again, when doomed from him I loved to part,  
 After those hours beneath the sycamore,  
 While his last kiss was echoing in my heart —  
 My heart, that none had caused to thrill before —  
 Once more I heard that murmur low and sweet:  
 ’Twas not his ‘farewell’ sighing through the pines;  
 ’Twas not the sound of his departing feet;  
 Nor did the wind in melody repeat  
 The distant song of lovers’ mid the vines:  
 The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 It was thy heart soft whispering to mine.

And when I, rich in all a mother’s joys,  
 Brought round my hearth my wealth, a bounteous store;  
 When with their little hands my ruddy boys  
 Shook down the figs that grew beside my door,  
 A tender voice awoke within my breast,  
 Through all my soul I felt its murmurs glide;  
 ’Twas not the young birds chirping in their nest,  
 Nor the calm breathing of the babe at rest,  
 Nor song of fishermen upon the tide:  
 The voice was thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 It was thy heart low singing then with mine.

Now that I am alone, and old, and gray,  
 Here, where the thicket shields me from the winds,  
 I watch the kids and children while they play,  
 Stirring the coals to warm my shrivelled hands;  
 And still that voice remains with me, and cheers,  
 Consoles and strengthens me for evermore;  
 ’Tis not the voice I heard in early years,  
 Nor the remembered accents that my tears  
 Can never to my lonely age restore;  
 But it is thine, my guardian spirit! thine!  
 Thy heart is with me still, and weeps with mine.

## ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

AUNT DOLLY.

DOROTHEA JUDSON was the youngest of a family of ten children. Her parents were plain and worthy people, who sought to bring up their family correctly; and, although they knew little about systems of education, they succeeded, without making any formal attempts so to do, in impressing their children with a sense of the kind care that was constantly exerted in their behalf. They had no reason to complain of their offspring, who all became reputable members of society.

Dorothea was not beautiful, but possessed that universal letter of recommendation, a pleasing countenance. She was not distinguished for brilliancy or quickness of perception, and made no enemies by outwitting any of her associates in argument, management, or in any other particular. She was much attached to every member of the family, and, although the youngest, she was not a petted child. It would have been difficult to spoil her by indulgence, it seemed so natural for her to consult the wants of others, and to help every body; and she was so free from envy and jealousy, that she did not seem to need indulgence. She was ever ready to make herself useful; and her happiness was so intertwined with that of others, that, although the whole family loved her sincerely, she was really overworked, because she did every thing so unobtrusively and naturally, that her services were employed almost unconsciously, as we are sustained by the air around us without seeing or feeling it, and seldom thinking of it.

When Dorothea was only five or six years old, their eldest sister, who had married a substantial farmer, became the mother of a little girl. This event could not have given more delight to the parents than it did to little Dorothea. She was a mother to the infant, in her own limited way. She loved to sit by it, to fan it, to talk to it. She watched its growth with pride and joy. Its first efforts at creeping and walking were to her circumstances of supreme interest: and when the little girl began to talk, and called her ever-attentive nurse AUNT DOLLY, it seemed as if Dorothea's cup of happiness was filled.

How many times that phrase, 'AUNT DOLLY,' was repeated, both by the niece and the aunt! So fixed a term did it become in the household, that Dorothea was called by no other name. The *sobriquet* was adopted by the neighbors, by the school-children, and finally by the whole village; and so, while she was yet a little child, Dorothea was every where known as 'Aunt Dolly.'

She grew up to be a young lady, doing every thing for every body in such an unostentatious, quiet, matter-of-course way, that nobody knew the extent of her kindnesses. And yet Dolly was, in the eyes of many, a very common-place personage. She had no flirtations, and no coquetish airs. She did not think that every young man who spoke to her

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kindly was in love with her. She was not on the look-out for a husband. She did not keep herself primed and loaded, like a sportsman's gun, ready for every game that could be started: and she had never troubled herself with guessing how soon she should be married, or wondering whether she should die an old maid.

With all her good qualities, no body in the village seemed inclined to marry her. Every body loved her, every body felt that she was a blessing to the little community in which she lived; but a blessing, like the town-pump, which was best shared in common.

She was not much past twenty when she became acquainted with a young farmer, by the name of Fanshaw, who resided in a neighboring town.

Fanshaw was an athletic man, with black hair curling close to his head, and black, glowing eyes. He had more than a common education, and more than common ability, but his temper was vicious. He made up his mind that Aunt Dolly must be his wife, and his first advances being looked on by the family with some coldness, he became the more determined to gain his object. He was respectful, he was attentive, he was deferential to the prejudices of the father, he made presents to the mother, and was incessant in his attentions to the daughter. The parents congratulated themselves that the influence of their child had produced such a kindly effect on her suitor, and fancied that she could live happily with the man, whose disposition, although naturally perverse, had, to all appearance, changed materially for the better. They did not imagine that his altered demeanor was the result of the temper they deplored, and grew out of his determination to accomplish his object.

Dorothea had not known what it was to love, and as Fanshaw was very kind to her, and as her parents consented to his proposal, she knew of no reason why she should decline it. There was, however, in her heart an instinctive reluctance to the union; and her mother, noticing her uneasiness, told her, what she believed to be true, that it arose only from a natural depression of spirits at the thought of leaving home: and so she was persuaded.

Aunt Dolly did not live long with him before he exhibited his evil spirit, and the meekness with which she bore his malice impelled him to the commission of new cruelties. He was angry with himself on account of his own wilfulness; he was angry with himself that he should so trample on her gentleness; and this feeling, instead of leading him to repentance, goaded him on to new insults. The unvarying kindness of his wife was a perpetual rebuke, and his perverse spirit defied it. In the conflict of his feelings he fed the devil within him with intoxicating drinks, and consummated his cruelty with the personal violence of a drunken maniac. This storm of affliction Aunt Dolly bore without a murmur; and although it was known that she suffered, God only knew how much.

In four years, the greater part of Fanshaw's property was spent in dissipation; and the stalwart man, type of the wreck of his fortune, became but the shadow of his former self.

It was on a stormy winter's night that Fanshaw breathed his last. He had been suffering from brain-fever, but as midnight approached, his

delirium passed away, and he lay quiet, but very weak. His wife told the attendant to take some rest, while she watched with the patient. A door was open that communicated with an adjoining room, where slept their infant child. A shaded lamp in this apartment furnished all the light for the sick man's chamber, except that which came from the wood-fire. Aunt Dolly was seated in an arm-chair close to her husband's bed. For some time all was quiet, save the wailings of the storm without, and the quick breathing of the sick man. Fanshaw lay unusually still, but his eye was fixed intently on his wife; and as he gazed steadily on her sweet face, pale and worn with care, yet beautiful in its mildness, the thoughts of his brutal treatment and her patient endurance pressed upon him, not to madden him, not to goad him on as in his life of strength, but to steady for the moment his tottering reason, and energize his failing vitality.

'Dolly!' and as the voice came from the sick-bed, she leaned over anxiously, and inquired, 'What can I do for you?'

'Do for me, Dolly! what have you not done and suffered for me! You have always been kind and faithful to me; I have as invariably wronged you. O Dolly! can you, *can* you forgive my brutality?'

At these words of kindness, so new and strange from him, she clasped his hand gently in hers, and replied, with sobs, 'God knows I forgive you whatever you have done amiss to me. I know your own disposition is peculiar; I know we all have faults. I do not wish to judge you. I do not love to have you speak to me as if you were so *very* wicked; you did not mean to wrong me. You must not feel badly about the past; you must forgive me all my shortcomings. I am but a poor, weak woman. I have often made you angry when I meant to please you, and I am sure you will pardon all *my* infirmities. Will you not, husband?'

As she leaned over the bed, the tears still falling from her eyes, pleading with *him* to forgive *her*, the amiable weakness that could so drive away all traces of his cruelty, and so hold up for pardon all that could be imagined against herself, while it deeply impressed him, was too incongruous to escape a mind naturally penetrating; and with a faint and ghastly smile, the reflection of his self-abasement, he said: 'A dying man must not deceive himself; and if the blessing of one who has been most cruel to you can avail aught—if God will receive the prayer of a wretch who has wofully abused his gifts—may *HE* bless you, Dolly, who has seen how vilely I have afflicted you, and how meekly you have borne your sorrows!'

He essayed to speak again, but his disconnected words betrayed a wandering mind. These words were followed by a marked change in his countenance; his breathing grew heavy and regular. Dolly spoke to him, but received no answer. The lamp in the adjoining room died out; the fire on the hearth, reduced to a few coals lying among the ashes, ceased to afford any light; the storm without subsided and passed away; and the early dawn just sufficed to make objects visible. Aunt Dolly sat in the same seat, the hand of her husband still clasped in hers, and she listening to that heavy and monotonous breathing.

The breathing became less regular, now and then a gasp; the hand she held grew colder; there was a feeble expiration of breath; and as

the attendant descended the stairs, all was quiet. As the door was opened, Dolly turned inquiringly to the nurse, who stepped softly to the bed-side, laid her hand on the wrist, then on the heart of Fanshaw, looked at him steadily, then turned to Dolly and said: 'It is all over!'

Dolly was a widow.

The wreck of her husband's estate barely sufficed to maintain her and her boy Theodore, with the use of the utmost economy. I am sure the reader will form some just conception of the happiness it afforded Dolly to provide for her dear little son. I am constrained, however, to say that she was far too yielding and indulgent to become a pattern-mother. It was very hard for her to compel any body, and it was part of her nature to surrender to others. The boy, however, possessed an innate nobleness of character, that could appreciate, but could not impose upon his mother's kindness; and never was parent more beloved and honored by a child than was Aunt Dolly by Theodore.

I think it must be evident that this same Aunt Dolly is far from being a first-class heroine. She never troubles herself about 'woman's rights,' or discusses 'progress,' or investigates 'woman's mission.' She is fond of the faith in which she was educated, but is completely puzzled by the explanation of dogmas. She associates on the kindest terms with people of all sorts of creeds, and entertains a most dangerous charity for all manner of errorists. She can neither write a tale nor a poem; has not the slightest taste for fashionable society; and never dreamed of such a thing as coquetry. She is only a loving, guileless, unselfish woman; and if my reader does not think much of her, I am very sure she does not think much of herself. But to our history.

As Theodore advanced in years, the expenses of his maintenance increased, and his mother's self-denying acts were multiplied. But she was determined that he should lack no advantage; and, for the better completion of his education, removed to a large town, that he might receive the instruction to be obtained at its celebrated High School. From thence he was transferred to college. His increased expenses made it impossible for Dolly to live on her limited income. She wore gowns and bonnets for incredibly long periods, and practised every possible means of economy, but all would not do, and so she determined to take in plain sewing. She assured Theodore that she wanted more employment; that her time often hung heavily on her hands; that she was passionately fond of her needle; and that *nothing but 'plain sewing'* was necessary to complete her happiness.

Notwithstanding her innocent artifice, her son knew well his mother's object. He remonstrated, and threatened to leave college, and immediately begin to work for his living; but Dolly, yielding in other matters, would not abandon her determination to labor for her only boy.

Finding remonstrance vain, he withdrew opposition. But Dolly soon noticed that he rose earlier, and retired later; that he no longer took his accustomed walks with his friends; and that he became paler and thinner. Her anxiety to ascertain the cause was at length satisfied, and she discovered, to her dismay, that her son was employed as proof-reader for a printing-office. She begged him not to injure himself by this incessant application, but he was fixed in his determination. He enlarged on

the valuable knowledge to be acquired in his new vocation, and on the satisfaction it gave him to indulge in this way his literary tastes; and reminded her, that as he had withdrawn opposition to her 'plain sewing' felicity, it was cruel in her to oppose his proof-reading enjoyment.

Thus caught in her own trap, and struck by her own son with a return blow of self-denial, the fond mother was thinking every day how she could escape from her dilemma, when affairs were brought to a crisis by the illness of Theodore. He was attacked with a severe typhoid affection. Dr. Dobson could not master it, and was compelled to acknowledge that 'the fever must have its run.' Dr. Dobson was a stout, broad-shouldered bachelor of sixty, skilful in his profession, gruff in his manners, and a sworn enemy of all cant and humbug. He had been the physician of Dolly and her son during their town residence, and felt well enough acquainted with the former to call her by her old sobriquet of 'Aunt Dolly.'

I need not dwell on the untiring devotion of the mother to her boy; but how shall I describe her feelings when, in reply to her question, the Doctor told her that the young man's life was in danger. In an agony of grief she cast herself at his feet. 'Save him! save him, Doctor!' she cried. 'I cannot, *cannot* lose him. I have only lived for him. I would gladly die for him, but I cannot live *without* him. Oh, Doctor, listen to a poor desolate woman, and save my noble boy, my darling child!'

Dr. Dobson was a little ashamed of having a warm and sympathizing heart, and whenever the tide of tears came rushing to his eyes, he would forthwith proceed to 'd—n it.' 'Aunt Dolly!' he exclaimed, with rather an ill-simulated appearance of anger, and with a loud but broken voice, 'I say, d—n it, Aunt Dolly, do you suppose I don't do my duty? What do you kneel to me for? What do you mean by such conduct? What—what—I say, d—n it, what do you make such a fuss for?'

The Doctor jumped from his chair, strode up and down the room, vigorously wiped his face, as if his anger was breaking out in a profuse perspiration, cunningly passed his handkerchief over his eyes at the same time, and finally threw up the window, as if to let the spring breeze cool his wrath.

'Forgive me, Doctor,' said poor Dolly; 'I know I was wrong. I know you have done and will do every thing you can for my dear boy; but I am weak and nervous, and you must pardon me. I have spoken very wickedly: I have rebelled against God. May HE give me strength to say, 'Not my will, but THINE be done!''

The Doctor stepped up to her, suddenly seized her hand, and said, 'I don't know how to comfort women, but if your boy dies, it shan't be for want of care. Don't worry, don't worry! I shall be here again this evening.' Without waiting for a reply, he abruptly left the room.

About ten o'clock that evening, the Doctor visited his patient, and, after ascertaining his condition, deliberately pulled off his boots, took a pair of old slippers from his pocket, seated himself in an arm-chair, and said, 'Go to bed, Aunt Dolly; I shall stay with Theodore to-night.'

'Dear Doctor,' said Dolly, 'may God bless you!'

'Don't talk, Aunt Dolly; don't make me angry again; do as I tell



you.' Never did poor woman submit to an edict with a more grateful heart; and as she was leaving the room in silence, the Doctor exclaimed, 'Don't get up, Aunt Dolly, until I call you!'

Gentle indeed was his mother's nursing, but never a gentler or kinder nurse did Theodore have than gruff Doctor Dobson. It seemed as if he knew exactly what his patient wanted. He asked no questions, but changed the young man's position at the right time, watched his pulse, kept his head cool, and administered remedies according to his own excellent judgment. Theodore had sufficient consciousness to know who was tending him, and his strong faith in his physician gave him a feeling of quiet that was in itself a medicine.

About day-break the Doctor knocked at Aunt Dolly's door. A gentle tap failed to rouse her; for, overcome with fatigue, and made happy by the physician's kindness, she had enjoyed a sweet and refreshing sleep. A louder knock brought her to the door, with the question, 'How is my poor boy this morning?'

'No worse, Aunt Dolly.'

'How shall I express my gratitude, Doctor, for all your goodness?'

'By not talking about it,' was the blunt reply: with which the Doctor took his sudden leave, preventing Dolly from adding another word.

After his usual visits through the day, the Doctor again made his appearance at night, again took off his heavy boots, put on his slippers, seated himself in the arm-chair, and ordered Dolly to bed. This command she was too grateful to obey implicitly, but was told to waste no time in argument, and not to interfere with the patient.

The next morning there was the same eager question, the same reply, 'no worse,' and the same abrupt departure. But when the Doctor appeared the third night, and took the slippers from his capacious pocket, Dolly entreated him, with tears in her eyes, not to overwhelm her with kindness, and not to expose his own health. 'Oh, Doctor,' she said, 'suppose you should make *yourself* sick!' and at the thought of this calamity her tears flowed afresh, and her emotional countenance showed how deeply afflictive to her such an event would be.

Now, Doctor Dobson was certainly a very strange man; for, instead of being influenced by her persuasions, he absolutely laughed at her fears; and when she repeated them, his eyes fairly shone with delight. He seemed to regard the thought of being sick as a capital joke; and Aunt Dolly laughed too, although she could not possibly have informed any mortal (because she was herself utterly unconscious) of any sort of reason why she *should* laugh.

The next morning the Doctor informed Dolly that her son was out of danger, and with proper care would soon recover his health and strength. Dolly took the Doctor's hand, and, as the tears ran down her face, poured forth her gratitude.

'Poh, poh!' said the Doctor: 'more nonsense, Aunt Dolly! When I tell you the boy is *in* danger, you cry; and when I tell you he is *out* of danger, you cry. I suppose if *I* was sick, you would cry too.'

'Do you feel sick, Doctor? Ah, I was afraid it would be so! I was shamefully selfish to let you over-exert yourself. *Are* you going to be sick?' and as she asked the question, out flowed those ever-ready tears again.



'How *can* I be sick?' said the Doctor, hastily; 'I haven't any body to take care of me.'

'Oh!' said Dolly, 'I could almost wish you to be sick, that I could show my deep gratitude by being of some service to you! Is it possible you can think I would neglect the one who was more than faithful to me in the hour of my sorest trial; he who, under God, saved the life of my precious son?'

'Well, well, Aunt Dolly, you are the most singular woman I ever saw. You cry because your son is sick; then, because he is getting well; then, lest *I* should be sick; and then *want* me to be sick, so that you can take care of me! She wants me to be sick!' said the Doctor; and here he laughed as if Aunt Dolly had said the wittiest thing imaginable; and then Aunt Dolly, with her soft blue eyes, bright with happiness, laughed too, and they separated as if they had been at a festival of Comus.

Theodore gained rapidly. He was soon able to take the open air; and the Doctor, having obtained a fine saddle-horse, which he informed Dolly he had taken for debt, asked Theodore to exercise him while he was trying to find a purchaser.

I am compelled to confess that this horse-story was a pure fabrication of the Doctor's, and that he had purchased the animal for the sole purpose of promoting Theodore's health and enjoyment. This may have been wrong in him; but if he did not tell the truth, I must.

One fine morning, while Theodore was riding, the Doctor called on Aunt Dolly, and inquired about her son; for, notwithstanding his constant improvement, the Doctor's visits were frequent; and, although the young man said he was perfectly well, and needed no medicine, Dolly entreated that the directions of their medical friend should be strictly followed. Having received the most satisfactory assurances as to Theodore's health, the Doctor entered into general conversation, as had been usual with him of late. After a pause, he arose, drew out his watch, looked at it, and then resumed his seat. In a few moments he jumped up, walked swiftly to the window, gazed desperately out; returned to his chair; rose again, stalked to the mantel-piece, stared at an engraving; sat down a third time, and looked at Aunt Dolly.

She had watched his movements with interest, and had made up her mind that his kind heart was troubled about some patient whose sufferings and danger had interested him; and this thought brought vividly before her the Doctor's attention to her own dear boy, while her conscious face expressed her admiration of the rough but true man.

The Doctor, after a slight pause, said:

'Aunt Dolly, I began life very poor. Marriage was out of the question; I never devoted a thought to the subject. I struggled for years before I attained eminence in my profession, or became a man of property; and then my bachelor habits seemed fixed for ever. But this is all changed now; and I wish to say—that is, I desire—indeed, I called to ask—— I know that I am rough and old-fashioned, and I never thought so little of myself as I do at this moment; but I still hope that—I hope that you—hope that you will—— I *can't* say it as I meant to! *Aunt Dolly, will you marry me?*'

Dolly had listened intently to the Doctor as he began his speech, and

supposed he was about to ask her advice; and as he proceeded, she thought so little of herself that she did not anticipate an offer, which would have been easily foreseen by many of her sex; and when he abruptly concluded with his proposal, she was as much astonished as if he had asked permission to shoot her. She looked at him with wonder for a moment, and then exclaimed:

‘*Me!*—marry *you*, Doctor!’

‘There! I knew how it would be! I *am* an old fool! Why should I be so stupid as to think that a beautiful, kind, tender woman would take an old bear for a husband? Well,’ he continued, taking up with trembling hands his hat and cane, ‘you’re right, you’re right! Forgive me for troubling you.’

‘Doctor! Doctor!’ said Aunt Dolly, in a deprecating voice, ‘you don’t understand me. I was surprised that such a great man as you could think of a poor, lone, weak woman like me.’

Down went the hat, and down went the cane, and one of Dolly’s little hands was buried in the huge grasp of the Doctor, as he hurriedly inquired: ‘*Will you marry me?*’

The blood rushed to her face, and with a downcast look she answered: ‘I will, if it will make you happy.’

The Doctor dropped the little hand, and looked at Dolly searchingly; then grasped it again, and said: ‘Tell me the *truth*, Dolly, the *whole* truth: will it make *you* happy too?’

Dolly looked up with her mild and loving blue eyes, those eyes bright with woman’s trust and tenderness, and answered: ‘God knows it will!’

Poor Dolly! she was destined to another surprise greater than the first; for no sooner had the words been uttered than the Doctor caught her in his arms, seated her on his lap, and kissed her over, and over, and over again, as a father would caress a child.

Sufficiently embarrassed by this violent outbreak of affection, she was doubly confused, while this demonstration was in progress, to see Theodore bound into the room, crying out: ‘Mother! mother! you *must* go out and enjoy the bracing air!’

Now Theodore was fond of ‘tableaux vivants;’ he had seen many, and acted in many; but never before had he been so startled as at that moment. He knew not what to say, and his mother knew not what to do; but the Doctor broke the silence by standing Dolly on her feet, and ferociously asking: ‘What the devil do you want, Sir?’ Before he could receive an answer, he said, in an altered voice: ‘Theodore, my boy, I hope you will not grieve to hear that you will soon have a right to call me Father.’

‘There is, my dear Sir, no man whom I would so gladly call Father; and what is of more importance, I know that my mother will be happy in the union, and *she* knows how very dear her happiness is to me.

‘Mother,’ inquired Theodore, with a playful smile, ‘may *I* kiss you too?’

Dolly approached her only child, put her arm around his waist, laid her head on his breast, and turned to him a face radiant with motherly affection. Theodore clasped her to his heart, and imprinted on her fair forehead a kiss of reverence and love.

'And now, Doctor,' said he, 'as you say you are to be married soon, may I ask *how* soon?'

'Next week,' was the brief reply.

'Next week!' exclaimed Dolly, starting from Theodore's embrace; 'why, Doctor, how you talk!'

'Yes,' he replied, 'next week will either see me married or dead; for if I live, married I certainly shall be. The world shall know nothing about the matter until it is all over.'

Aunt Dolly could not resist the vigorous will of her future husband. During the brief interval before the wedding, his visits were exceedingly short. He said that several of his patients were very ill, and required all the time he could devote to them; and in reply to various questions, the answer was: 'We will see when the time comes.' Theodore grew quite nervous. He only knew that his mother was to be married at church on a certain day, but neither he nor Dolly knew where their home was to be, or where they should go when they left the church. Theodore called the Doctor's attention to this matter; but he only replied that he and Dolly were not particular, and that he thought he could live without any boy's advice.

Aunt Dolly was satisfied with any thing that would satisfy the Doctor, but her son awaited the result with manifest anxiety; for, notwithstanding the good intentions of the eccentric physician, Theodore feared that some blunder would prove a source of vexation and annoyance.

The marriage was celebrated in the most private manner; and, as the Doctor entered the carriage, he exclaimed:

'Now for a little journey, Dolly.'

'A journey!' said Dolly; 'and without any baggage!'

'I hate trunks and bandboxes,' was the reply; 'let them be sent after you.'

Dolly looked at the Doctor, and timidly inquired, as if it might be rather a sign of weak and childish curiosity: 'Where are you going?'

There was certainly nothing ludicrous or unnatural in the remark, but it appeared to amuse her husband mightily. 'Aunt Dolly,' said he, 'you are the most foolish little woman I ever met with. I just told you we were on a journey, and you ask me, 'Where are you going?''

Dolly looked at him beseechingly, as if in acknowledgment of her weakness in asking so superfluous a question.

Well, it is so! The Doctor told the truth. Dolly *is* a foolish little woman.

While she was resolving never to plague her husband with idle questions, and thinking how she could most promote his happiness and that of her son, the carriage stopped, and the Doctor cried out, 'Come, jump out, Aunt Dolly!'

In blissful ignorance, she was conducted into a neatly-furnished house, and, although no one appeared in the parlor to welcome them, the Doctor deliberately laid down his hat and cane, and told Dolly to 'take off her things.'

'Why, dear husband, where are we?' inquired the bride.

'In our own house, Dolly, where I hope we shall pass many happy days.'

The whole truth came out; the extreme danger of the Doctor's patients was a pious fraud; and in a few days, with the aid of some old friends, he had purchased and furnished a house, and so furnished it as to elicit the intense admiration of Dolly.

'And now,' said the Doctor to Theodore, 'as you were good enough to volunteer your advice as to the manner in which I should take care of my wife, perhaps you will be so kind as to inform me how to take care of my patients.'

'I have only to confess,' said Theodore, 'that much as I admired you before, Sir, I did not appreciate you properly.'

'Come, come, Sir,' responded the Doctor, 'don't try to humbug me with your flattery; I believe that no man had ever before so silly a wife and son;' and to show his contempt for them both, he kissed Dolly, and shook Theodore's hand until there was danger of dislocation.

Let me give you a glimpse of the trio. Summer and autumn have passed away, and there they are, seated by a fire on a winter evening: Aunt Dolly has a collar in her hand she is making for her husband; the Doctor is seated in an arm-chair on the other side of the fire-place; and Theodore is reading from one of those charming authors of the nineteenth century, whose genial spirit, and broad humanity, and sympathetic power, reach all hearts: the story is full of interest and pathos; Theodore reads with an earnestness that shows how deeply his feelings are enlisted; the Doctor fidgets in his chair, changes his position, and ever and anon gives a loud 'ahem!' and rubs his eyes hastily; looking at Dolly, he sees her with her work on her lap, gazing intently on her son, and the tears following each other rapidly down her cheek; the Doctor jumps from his chair, walks across the room, and exclaims, 'Damn it, Theodore, that silly mother of yours is crying again!'

The son smiles; the mother dries her tears; the Doctor recovers his equanimity, and the story is resumed.

But I cannot detail their history; I cannot stop to narrate all the instances of Aunt Dolly's mistaken charity, nor how the Doctor told her, by way of check, that 'she would ruin him;' nor how she began thereupon to economize and deny herself, and undertake all the 'plain sewing' for the family; nor how the Doctor became perplexed thereat; nor what frauds he committed by getting her every thing she wanted, or that he thought would please her, from patients who were on the eve of failing, and who would never have paid him a cent had he not succeeded in obtaining these identical things; nor how Aunt Dolly wondered at her husband's shrewdness and her own good fortune; nor how she never suspected that she was egregiously imposed upon.

I cannot stop to tell, except in this general manner, how Theodore became a distinguished lawyer; nor how his great plea was published in all the papers; nor how hard the Doctor tried to conceal his admiration of his son; nor how Dolly's great anxiety was lest 'the dear boy' should 'injure his lungs.'

Dolly devotes herself to her husband and son; and although the former laughs at her 'old wife's remedies,' he nevertheless soaks his feet and takes warm drinks at her bidding. She prepares for him his favorite dishes, brushes his hair and clothes, superintends his wardrobe, ties his cravat in the morning, and gets his slippers and cigar at night.

Dolly knows nothing about 'philosophy' or science; she is sadly posted up on orthodoxy; does not understand our 'free institutions;' never discusses 'the spirit of the age;' and, worst of all, has not yet comprehended the astounding difference between 'Allopathy' and 'Homœopathy.'

The Doctor tells her she 'is a little fool,' and she believes the assertion to be correct; but, in spite of her husband's epithets, she is never out of his sight at home, that he does not inquire, 'Where's my wife?'

O valorous and world-defying Bloomer! if thou couldst see this household slave, how would thy logical blood boil in thy veins; how would thy muscular limbs quiver with indignation, to behold this little wife moving in a narrow sphere of love, utterly unconscious of her wrongs and her degradation!

And yet, O loud-mouthed champion of thy sex! O strong-minded and high-souled he-woman! when thy eloquent protest is concluded, my only commentary will be, 'Dear, *dear* Aunt Dolly!'

It is said that many are made wise to salvation by the foolishness of preaching. I think that many are made equally wise by the foolishness of womanhood.

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L I N E S .

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BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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The May sun sheds an amber light  
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;  
But she who, with a smile more bright,  
Welcomed and watched the springing green,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood  
In groups beside the pathway stand;  
But one, the gentle and the good,  
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs  
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;  
But she whose voice, more sweet than theirs,  
Once bade me listen while they sung,  
Is in her grave,  
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year  
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;  
My heart aches when the flowers appear,  
For then I think of her who lies  
Within her grave,  
Low in her grave.

## The Fudge Papers:

BRING THE OBSERVATIONS, ETC., RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

### CHAPTER SEVENTH

#### KITTY LEAVES HOME.

'It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.'

STERN.

THE proposal of Mr. BODGERS in reference to our friend KITTY had been naturally the subject of very much and serious reflection. Mrs. FLEMING, it will be remembered, is a lone woman: KITTY is her only child. Not only this, but the mother, like most country-ladies after the flower of their life is gone by, had a secret dread of the city. It is a natural dread, and is well founded.

If I had myself been consulted, I should, notwithstanding the gratification of meeting with my pretty country cousin, have shown considerable diffidence of opinion. There is a bloom, I have observed, indigenous to country-girls, which is almost certain to wear off after a year's contact with the town. This bloom, I am aware, is not much valued or admired by city-ladies generally; they cultivating, in its stead, a certain *savoir faire*, as they term it; which, being translated, means, very nearly—a knowledge of the devil.

Mr. BODGERS is a well-meaning man, and his regard for his young *protégée* would not have been surprising, even in a married man; much less is it surprising in a bachelor. I do not mean to hint that he entertains any thing more than a fatherly feeling for Miss KITTY. On this point I am not capable of judging. The tendencies of gentlemen over fifty in this regard are exceedingly difficult of analysis. I have met with those of that age who fancied themselves as provoking in the eyes of young ladies, of the tender passion, as they ever were in their life. If this be true, they must, in my opinion, have passed a very uninteresting and unprofitable youth.

The spinsters of Newtown are divided in opinion as to the attentions of Mr. BODGERS: the elder portion insisting that his matrimonial inclinations (if he have any) tend toward the mother; and the younger portion insisting, with a good deal of sourness in their looks, that the 'old fool' is in love with Miss KITTY herself. Such busy and uncomfortable talkers are not uncommon to country-towns. Indeed, they are the pests of the whole range of country-life.

What Mrs. FLEMING's views may have been, I will not undertake to say; she was certainly most grateful for the kindness of Mr. BODGERS; and, had it not been for her widowed state, might possibly have entertained the thought that he had serious intentions with respect to her daughter.

I say it is possible; for I have observed that mothers generally do not make the same nice distinction between a man of fifty and a man of twenty that girls are apt to do. Indeed, I flatter myself that they are disposed to look with more favor upon the man of the latter age, well



established in life, than upon youngsters of two or three-and-twenty. It is seriously to be hoped that the coming generation will be educated in the same substantial and creditable opinions. In that event, single men may look forward to a very brisk and long-continued nomad state of bachelorship, which, when fairly exhausted, will yield them a blooming partner, with whom to idle down those flowery walks of a virtuous old age, which end in a gout, a crutch, and the grave-yard.

KIRTY FLEMING has not been nurtured in these opinions. She has never courted the attentions of Mr. BODGERS in any other light than as the kind offices of an affectionate and whimsical old uncle. Yet even KIRTY herself has had misgivings in regard to her acceptance of this last kind offer.

It is strange how early a sense of propriety grows upon some minds, and how, by their very nature, some souls will shrink from what, to the common mind, seems only an honorable advantage! KIRTY, with those soft, yet keen blue eyes, has not been blind to the tattle of the gossips of her little village; and there is a shrinking from whatever will incur and provoke their remark. And added to all this, is the dread of leaving the places and the friends she has always loved.

The city multitude knows little of that fond attachment to place which grows up under the shadow of ancestral trees, and which spreads out upon the meadows that have seen all the youthful gambols and joys of the spring of life. Brick-houses and First-of-May movings cannot foster the feeling which twines its heart-tendrils among the mosses of old walls, and around ivy-covered trellises: and there is nothing in a street-name, or in a number, that so clings to the soul as the murmur of a brook we love, and of a shadow of the tree whose leaves we have made preachers of holiness and of joy!

And yet KIRTY, woman-like, has her vague longing for a sight and a sense of that great city which is every day whirling its multitudes through the mazes of gain and of pleasure. Alas, for our human weakness! Who is bold enough, and who is pure enough, at whatever age they may be, not to lust after that 'pride of life' which robes its votaries in splendor, and which gloats at the gaze of the thousand!

But against this craving, which belongs to our little KIRTY, (to whom did it ever not belong?) come up again the home attachments; not all confined to that old mansion, which has so long borne up the very respectable name of BODGERS. Indeed, those attachments are very wide-spread.

I do not at all mean to say that little KIRTY was at this particular time the victim of any very tender passion; I should be very sorry to think it. Nor do I mean to say that she imagined herself such victim; she would certainly never allow it. And yet it is quite surprising how actual parting does discover a great many little meandering off-shoots of affection, whose extent, or presence even, we had never before imagined.

Nothing but positive removal will expose the multiplied fibrous tendrils by which a plant clings to its natal place; and, sadly enough, it often happens in the same way, that our lesser affections never come fairly into view, with their whole bigness, until they are broken.

There never was a country-girl, I fancy, verging on seventeen, with eyes one half so bright as KIRTY's, or a complexion one half so tell-tale, or



with such fine net-work of veins to braid their blue tissues on the temple, without counting up divers of what the French call *affaires du cœur*. And these matters are recorded, for the most part, by withered nose-gays, silk-netted purses, embroidered slippers, and moonlight walks. If there be any one devoid of such experiences, she must be very much colder-blooded than my little coz KIRTY.

At least such is my opinion; an opinion corroborated, I do not doubt, by Mr. HARRY FLINT, one time student, and now attorney, of Newtown. The name is, or was, familiar to KIRTY. I have seen her blush at the bare mention of it; which fact she will strenuously deny.

The heart of seventeen is, however, a very uncertain, capricious heart. Its loves are, for the most part, sentimental impulses. It has no fair knowledge of its own strength. So it was, that though KIRTY had sometime felt a little tremor at a touch of HARRY's hand, and had looked with rather approving eyes upon a certain honest and ruddy face which he was in the habit of wearing, and had accepted his protection, on certain occasions, against such lurking assassins as are apt to prowl about village walks of an evening; and although, all things considered, she preferred him to the majority of people—out of her own family—she had never fancied there was any special depth, or indeed measurable capacity of any sort, about her feeling; and was half frightened to find how big a space he filled in the blank of separation.

As for HARRY FLINT, it would be wise for him to keep by his law, and forget as soon as possible a country-girl, on the eve of a city life. She will be very apt to forget him. I would advise him to put the embroidered slippers, which he now cherishes like two objects of vertu, to daily and secular use. And as for the pressed flowers in his prayer-book, (which he is shy of lending,) it would be well to transfer them to his herbarium, if they possess botanical value, and not to trust to any other value whatever.

A boy at twenty has no more right to be in love than so young a girl as my little coz. Nothing more than sentiment belongs to that age, between which and affection there lies a vast difference. There are plenty of people without the latter in any bulk, who class them both together. Such people are proper subjects of pity. Sentiment is febrile and impulsive. Affection is continuous and progressive. Hurt sentiment shocks prodigiously; but hurt affection cuts like a sword-blade.

The sentiment that dwelt in KIRTY bound her to many things, and many people—HARRY FLINT among the rest. Affection dwelt more at home: and it glowed very deeply as she lingered there (I know how it must have been) upon the bosom of her dearest friend, struggling to say, what she could not say with a firm lip—'Good-bye, mother.'

I can imagine even my friend Mr. BODGERS in his long surtout, putting his yellow silk handkerchief once or twice to his eyes, under the foul pretence of blowing his nose, and saying very briskly, 'Pogh, pogh!' Nay, he has tried to hum a short tune, and walked to the window to observe the weather, without, however, making any observation at all. He has positively taken up a book from the parlor-table, and seems for a moment interested in it, notwithstanding he holds it upside down.

At a little lull, however, Mr. BODGERS gains courage, and begs KIRTY

to 'cheer up,' and be a 'brave girl,' and fumbles his cornelian watch-key in a very impatient manner.

Still KITTY lingers, and the mother clasps her tightly.

A six months' or a year's parting between mother and daughter is surely no great affair: and yet a lurking, vague presentiment of change, accident, alienation, will sometimes make it full of meaning. Beside, the mother was alone; KITTY the only mortal to love; life was full of change. And with KITTY, too, the great city she had hoped to see dwindles now; so small, so insignificant is the world of objects, when measured by the world of affection. With this feeling rushing on her suddenly, and with one of those swift soul-measurements of time and life which the overwrought heart will sometimes call up, she forgets her little scheme of pleasure, and she will stay in her own home; she will not quit it—ever!

'Bless me,' says Mr. BODGERS, 'KITTY, child—Mrs. FLEMING, dear me—KITTY—pshaw—psh'—— Mr. BODGERS is taken with a slight turn of coughing, which we would hardly have looked for in a man of such perfect health.

It is curious how a mother's resolution will grow with necessity; and just now it spread a calmness over the mother's action that availed more than all the 'pshawing' and 'bless me's' that TRUMAN BODGERS ever uttered.

And Mrs. FLEMING spoke very firmly, all the more firmly because so very gently.

'KITTY, my dear, you will go: I wish it. You will enjoy it, KITTY; you will improve, I am sure. Then you will write me, KITTY, very often; and you will see your cousins, and will come and see us again in the summer. Kiss me good-bye, KITTY.'

'Good-bye, mother,' falteringly.

And Mr. BODGERS buttoned his long surtout, and gathered up his umbrella; and with KITTY clinging to his arm, and looking back, they left her home together.

I could have spared this scene; but pray have not the FUDGES and BODGERSES as good a right to such little show of feeling as any of the DE LANCEYS, or the HOWARDS?

And there were village girls outside, to say, 'Good-bye, KITTY;' and there were old servants and poor women, who had felt her kindness, to say, 'God bless you, KITTY!' And there were boys who took off their caps, with a kind of cheerful mourning, to bow a farewell; and others, older and less cheerful, to wave a hat sorrowfully, and after that a handkerchief persistently, and with a slow, saddened action, that must have taught KITTY that a great many people loved her.

And the trees braided fantastic shadows along the old village walks, where recollection went walking yet. And the hills stooped kindly to the blue sky, in silent, sad greeting; and the belting woods far away, east and west, trailed autumn wreaths of gay colors along either side the road by which KITTY went away from her village home.

It may be that Mr. BODGERS thought regretfully of what joys had been cast from him and lost for ever, as he watched the sad, earnest face of his little protégée, lingering yet with her eye upon the vanishing town. It may be that the hope of some warmer feeling overtook him,

as he felt her impassioned grasp of his arm, as she clung to him, while her thought wandered before her into the strange scenes they were approaching.

As for HARRY FLINT, working at his tasks, it would be hard to say what thoughts came over him when he knew that she who had lighted up a good many fairy dreams of his was gone where a thousand objects would arrest her regard; and where the modest country-girl would become such mistress of the forms and fashions of the city as would blunt all the force of his homely and honest affection.

The poets have been wont to liken the twin growth of a happy marriage to the vine clambering around an oak; but if the boldness will be pardoned me, it seems a better disposition of the figure to liken the delicate tendrils of the vine to the beautiful, yet shadowy *thoughts* of some loved object, which, though not in actual possession, yet plays around the heart of a man with most beguiling touch, and braids itself with every vision of labor: which haunts the nights, and gives a halo to the morning: which dimly, and sweetly, before yet the affections have claimed full return, revels in the spirit, and leads off all the courage and the hopes of life.

I will not say, because I cannot say, how much of this experience had dwelt in the mind of a certain ruddy-faced young gentleman, who was very much less ruddy than usual on the morning of KIRTY's leave. But supposing this experience to be true of him, I think my reader will imagine that his heart was very sore; and that all the brightness which he had twisted into the warp of his study, and which had blazoned his courage and his hope, was suddenly torn out.

It would be very absurd in him to think any farther of the city belle; of course it would. He will doubtless forget her in six months; of course he will.

Mr. BODGERS, (HARRY FLINT would give all his patrimony to be in his place,) sitting very trimly in his long surtout beside KIRTY, meditates pleasantly upon the prospect of that admiration which he knows must belong to his little protégée. There never was an old country-gentleman, with a pretty kinswoman, who did not feel perfectly satisfied that such kinswoman would be excessively admired in the city, and become, as it were by necessity, one of the reigning divinities. Such old gentlemen are, it is true, frequently mistaken; New-York being a large place, and there being an incredible number of well-looking women distributed over it, of almost every age and condition.

As for KIRTY, her thoughts ranged very widely; sometimes floating over the new scenes and new companions, and again jumping back, by a kind of electric action, to the old and cherished friends she had left behind. In evidence of the last, KIRTY did now and then, notwithstanding the homely encouragement of Mr. BODGERS, drop a low sigh.

'None of that; pray don't, KIRTY. They'll treat you well. They are pleasant old girls.'

This sounded to KIRTY disrespectful.

'They'll give you a storm of kisses; they don't often have a chance of that kind.'

Mr. BODGERS chuckled slightly at his own shrewdness.

'And, KITTY,' (Mr. BODGERS spoke in a fatherly manner,) 'be careful of your heart.'

KITTY looked archly at him.

'Plenty of butterflies will be flitting about you. Take care of them; they've no brains.'

KITTY looked disappointed.

'They carry all they're worth upon their backs.'

KITTY looked surprised.

'And by the by, KITTY, where's your little purse?'

'Full, Sir; ten dollars in it at least,' very promptly.

Mr. BODGERS smiled; but whether at KITTY's *naïveté*, or at thought of doing a good deed, I do not know.

'Hand it to me, KITTY.'

And KITTY drew out a very thin *porte-monnaie*, with certain letters scratched upon it, which she kept out of sight.

Mr. BODGERS thrust in a small roll of bills.

'Uncle TRUMAN!' said KITTY, but in such an eager, kind way as tempted him to search in his pocket for another roll.

'Be prudent, KITTY; and let me know when it's gone.'

KITTY hesitated, with her eyes glistening in a most bewitching way.

'No nonsense, KITTY; I'm an old fellow, you know. I've no use for money—no wife, you know;' and there was a dash of tender regret in this.

KITTY took the purse, and laying it down in her lap, placed her little hand in the stout hand of Mr. BODGERS.

'You are so good to me; Uncle TRUMAN!'

'Nonsense, KITTY!' and Mr. BODGERS coughed again, very much as he had coughed in the little parlor of Newtown.

The wind was fresh, and perhaps he had taken cold.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTE.

#### HOW THE FUDGES WORSHIP.

'A very heathen in her carnal part,  
Yet still a sad, good Christian at the heart!'

POPE.

I BEG to return to Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE. The reader will not have forgotten her. It is not easy to forget her. She is in her pew, within the brilliant church of the esteemed Dr. MUDDLETON. The parti-colored light plays very happily: the pink reflection upon herself, the blue upon WILHELMINA, and a dark shadow upon the scanty-haired pate of SOLOMON FUDGE, late mayor, bank-director, and vestryman.

The church is a brilliant one, and, by virtue of the coloring within and without, creates the illusion of a gigantic hot-bed, in which the velvets, plumes, and gauzes figure as chrysanthemums, orange-flowers, and azalias; and the Reverend Doctor, in his modest *soutane*, accomplishes the gardener—who applies the steam, and who, with rare nicety of judgment, secures such an even and gentle atmosphere as quickens the vital succulence, and promotes to an enormous extent all floral development.

The Doctor, however, does not *pluck* his flowers — save only in a spiritual sense.

Equipages abound at the church-door: some from a long distance — to save fatigue; and some from a short distance — for other reasons.

The Doctor has advanced some distance in his discourse. ‘Mea dear hearers,’ he says, ‘leife is a fleiting bubble — deancing in the sun-beagms, pleaying upon the waves! It is fuall of emptiness — eall is vanity! Elas, mea hearers, that we might take the lesson to heart; and that the sweet and wheolesome doctrines of Dyvine inscription might geuide us in the weay of truth, in order theat by holy baptism — which is the new birrth — we meight live righteously. Sin, mea hearers, lies not so much in bead action as in bead thoughts; and the sprinkling which purifies, and the seacrament which joins us to holiness, when administered by a weorthy teacher of the Holy Catholic Cheurch, do make and constitute your only and seolitary heope!’

(God forbid that I should quote irreverently any honest teaching of religion; but there do overtake us from time to time such extravagances of doctrine as are only to be answered by a — FUDGE!)

Mrs. FUDGE is not, I regret to say, over-attentive to the discourse of Dr. MUDDLETON; on the contrary, she is thinking intently of GEO. WASH. FUDGE, and of the JENKINES. I will not say that proper thoughts have been wholly out of her mind. She has meditated upon the pleasing intonations of the Doctor; has indulged in agreeable speculations upon the quiet and repose of the church-services. Nay, she has pitied Miss SCROGGINS, who has a seat behind the column; has indulged in a compassionate regard for the Miss SLINGSBYS, who have uncommonly sharp noses, and for Mrs. SCRUBBS, whose daughter has made a run-away match with a poor man.

Mrs. FUDGE has gone even farther: she has determined to give her blue watered silk (having seen one precisely similar upon the person of old Mrs. GOSLING) to her waiting-maid. She has made her responses in a reverent tone; she has mused with half-closed eyes upon the nicety of Faith and Religion; she has experienced a cheerful glow in her spirits, and feels proud and happy that a comfortable doctrine can diffuse such charity and contentment over her somewhat ambitious life. The old-fashioned Baptist ministrations were sometimes annoying: Dr. MUDDLETON, dear, good man, is never annoying. She wonders if he is engaged to dine on Thursday; and if he likes a *filet — au sauce piquante*, or served plain?

From all this, however, as the Doctor progresses, her reflections warp, as I have said, to a consideration of GEO. WASH. FUDGE, now in Paris, and of the JENKINES. She wonders who the JENKINES are? She has asked several friends. Her friends do not know the JENKINES. Still, it is quite possible that the JENKINES are — somebody.

She figures to herself GEO. WASHINGTON, the husband of a rich and elegant Miss JENKINS — living in style — giving small, *recherchés* dinner-parties — sprinkled with foreign guests — spoken of in the Sunday papers — highly fashionable. She portrays to herself Miss JENKINS in very glowing colors. She murmurs to herself, ‘Mrs. GEO. WASHINGTON JENKINS — FUDGE.’

She pictures to herself her dear WASH. in plaid tights, with an eye-glass, and Paris hat, and short stick set off with an opera-dancer's leg, and a large budget of charms, and brilliant waistcoat, and moustache. She fancies him the envy of all the stylish mammas about town; half the stylish young ladies dying for love of him. She fancies him very carelessly winning some literary consideration — writing sonnets as if they were beneath him — patronizing poor 'penny-a-liners,' or possibly himself the suspected author of that magnificent poem, *The New Dido*!

Then there is WILHELMINA ERNESTINA. Mrs. FUDGE has reason to be grateful to PROVIDENCE for such a daughter. She is showy. Mrs. FUDGE, with matronly solicitude, has put her through an unexceptionable course of French phrases and pantalets. WILHELMINA is positively beginning to startle attention. There were certainly fears for a time; but WILHELMINA *is*, as I said, become an object of remark. Her hat alone would insure it. Miss LAWSON, in that hat, has outdone herself; and, strange as it may seem, has outdone her usual prices. Miss LAWSON — for a wonder — has exerted herself.

WILHELMINA has not a bad face: not indeed so tell-tale, or so wrought over with blue veins, as her cousin KITTY's; but it is even better adapted to the work on hand. It is a striking face; her eyes are not tender, but good-colored, and well cultivated. Her figure is firm, tall, and jaunty; her hand not over-small, but reduced considerably by CHAUCERELLE's gloving.

It is my opinion that Mrs. FUDGE bears her daughter considerable affection, especially in Sunday trim. It is my opinion that WILHELMINA bears her mother considerable affection, especially in view of the tempting baits which Mrs. FUDGE holds out to fashionable young men.

It would be interesting to notice the proud glances which Mrs. FUDGE, in the intervals of Sunday reflection, throws upon WILHELMINA's hat, or her glove, or the exceeding pretty fit of her basque waist. Mrs. FUDGE only regrets that more eyes do not see it than her own. She fairly pines at the thought that such charms should not be doing execution upon the susceptible and highly advantageous young SPINDLE — son of the wealthy SPINDLE. WILHELMINA, by request, appears entirely unaware of her mother's enraptured glances.

I have said that WILHELMINA had admirers. They are not, however, very acceptable to Mrs. FUDGE. Mrs. FUDGE is ambitious — very. So is WILHELMINA.

Mrs. FUDGE has not spent her life, and money, and affection, (wasted upon SOLOMON,) for nothing. WILHELMINA is not to be thrown away — not she. An old clerk of her father's — a sensible young man in other respects — has sent repeated bouquets to WILHELMINA. Mrs. FUDGE condemns them to the basement. A small one, however, from BOBBY PEMBERTON, (eighteen last March,) with card attached, holds place upon the parlor table up to a very withered maturity.

As for Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, during this service, he exercises most praiseworthy attention; and shows such engrossment of thought — either in Dauphin or Doctrine — as is highly exemplary.

He commends and admires Dr. MUDDLETON, as a respectable and sound man, of healthy doctrine and unimpeachable character. He considers



these opinions safe, and they bound his religious ideas. Dr. MUDDLETON does not give up his desk to begging agents, or any enthusiastic declaimers. Mr. FUDGE does not trouble himself to inquire into the merits of any such haranguers—not he. He chooses to let well enough alone; and well enough in Christian matters seems to be written all over the person of Dr. MUDDLETON. His surplice, robe, manner and all seem to him the very incarnation of a good catholic faith. Indeed, an expression of opinion to this effect, to the clerical gentleman himself—when Mr. FUDGE was a little maudlin with wine—met with no opposition on Dr. MUDDLETON's part.

Mr. FUDGE is satisfied; Dr. MUDDLETON is satisfied; and for aught I know or believe, the Devil is satisfied.

I am aware that these remarks are not in a fashionable vein. Fashion does not recognize intensity, either in faith or manner. I should say that intensity, either in preaching, conversation, or habit, was vulgar and low-lived.

In religion, it certainly is.

Presumptuous, wild people might picture to themselves a better livelihood and habit for Mrs. FUDGE, daughter, son, and husband. They might imagine that a quiet modesty, charitable disposition, a careless submission to such superiority as Fashion bestows, a cultivation of the refinements rather than the enormities of life, might lend them more dignity, humanity, and contentment. This, however, is a prejudice of education.

I am myself of opinion that, with proper humility, forbearance, quietude, and charity, Mrs. SOLOMON might gain a more odorous name; nay, I am inclined to believe that she might rise to the distinction of worth and of respectability. And as for WILHELMINA, if her education ran to the perfecting of her parts for the duties of a quiet, modest, sensible housewife, I really think she might, by due self-denial, gain that eminence.

I have by no means introduced this chapter for the sake of making a homily upon life or religion. Nothing was farther from my thought. It shows how unpractised writers betray themselves into irrelevant matter, and lose sight of the burden of their story.

I presented Mrs. FUDGE at church, merely for the sake of noting a single incident, which has thus far wholly escaped me. I now offer it in my best manner.

Mrs. FUDGE, reflecting upon her improved prospects, felicitating herself upon the effect of WILHELMINA's hat, and casting comparative glances around the very populous pews, suddenly caught a glimpse of a young gentleman whose appearance excited her keenest interest.

Mrs. FUDGE abruptly closed her prayer-book; moved her face inadvertently out of the range of the crimson reflection from the window; absolutely crushed the lace edging of her *mouchoir*; and showed altogether the same kind of forgetfulness of her daughter and prospects, which many feeble-minded persons experience at church—for a wholly different reason.

I shall reserve a description of this gentleman, and the reason of Mrs. FUDGE's extraordinary action, for the next chapter.



## T H E D A R K V A L L E Y .

## I.

In the dim and misty valley,  
Where the sunbeams never stray ;  
Where the gloomy pine and hemlock  
Intercept the sunny ray,  
Throwing on the emerald velvet  
Heavy shadows, dark and gray :

## II.

Where the merry breezes, sporting  
With the pine-trees' scaly cone,  
Laugh not to the azure heavens,  
But along the branches moan,  
Like some weary heart that wanders  
Through the dark, cold world, alone :

## III.

Where the trembling brooklet murmurs  
In the still and silent glade,  
Shrinking from the giant shadows  
That upon its waters played,  
Hurrying on from wood to meadow,  
Half rejoiced and half afraid :

## IV.

There within the darkest shadow,  
Where the wind is never still,  
But in deeper tones is wailing  
For bright stream and sunny hill,  
All alone in dim, dark forests,  
Stands the gray and ancient mill.

## V.

And the gloomy pines around it  
Sigh in utter solitude,  
And awake the mournful echoes  
Of the spectre-haunted wood ;  
Then the dreary tones are shouted  
From each cave and cavern rude.

## VI.

There the foaming streamlet's waters  
Fling on high their snowy spray,  
And around the heavy mill-gates  
Murmur sadly all the day,  
Longing for the flowery meadows  
Where the rippling waters play.

## VII.

All around is dark and dreary,  
And a gloomy twilight rolls,  
Cloud-like, over hill and valley,  
Like the mists o'er human souls;  
Mists that hide the symbols written  
On the sky's celestial scrolls.

## VIII.

In that silent, breathless darkness,  
In the shadow of those pines,  
Crowned with wreaths of woodland flowers,  
One bright sunbeam sports and shines,  
Frightening e'en the misty phantoms  
From their mystic, moss-grown shrines.

## IX.

Beauteous light from sunny tresses  
Gleams upon the sparkling water;  
Silver ripples, that through forest  
And through flowery meads had sought her,  
Plash their creamy snow-flakes round her,  
Round LUCILLE, the miller's daughter.

## X.

From the withered leaves, the flowers  
Look into her face and smile,  
And like angels all about her,  
In the forest's fretted aisle,  
Gay-winged birdlings flutter round her,  
Screening her from harm and guile.

## XI.

All things love her; e'en the great oaks  
Stretch like arms their branches out,  
And the elm, the forest giant,  
Trails his drooping boughs about;  
To her ringing, bird-like carols,  
Green-wood echoes answering shout.

## XII.

So, in this dark vale of shadows,  
As we grope adown the years,  
When our hearts are full of sadness,  
When our eyes are dim with tears,  
And we shrink from dusky spectres,  
Unreal phantoms of our fears:

## XIII.

Let us, then, this truth remember:  
There's no shade without a light;  
And though darkness hangs about us,  
Yet it is not always night:  
Soon from out the eastern ocean  
Rosy morn will break in sight.

## XIV.

There's a bright LUCILLE that wanders  
In our darkest, dimmest aisle,  
And the shadows start affrighted  
From the sunlight of her smile,  
Dying out like clouds of incense  
In some gray cathedral pile.

## XV.

When the pall and narrow dwelling  
Scatter on our hearts their gloom;  
When the desolate world around us  
Seems a sepulchre and tomb,  
And the lovely flowers we cherished  
On the earth no longer bloom:

## XVI.

If we then would lift our spirits  
From the depths of their despair,  
We should find our strength sufficient  
For the easy yoke we bear;  
We should see that these afflictions  
Shining robes of blessings wear.

## XVII.

Why think heaven far-off and distant?  
Why from our weak, feeble sight,  
Say that those pure, crystal gate-ways  
Of the blessed land of light  
Are for ever veiled and hidden  
By the mists of DEATH's dark night?

## XVIII.

Surely they lie all about us;  
'Tis our senses that are dim;  
So we cannot see, like JACOB,  
Cherubim and seraphim;  
So we cannot hear the eternal  
Music of the seraphs' hymn.

ATTALANS.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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T H E N O R T H - A M E R I C A N R E V I E W F O R T H E O C T O B E R Q U A R T E R : p p . 271. B o s t o n : L I T T L E B R O W N A N D C O M P A N Y . N e w - Y o r k : C . S . F R A N C I S A N D C O M P A N Y .

Of the nine original papers which, in connection with three briefer 'Critical Notices,' make up the contents of the present number of 'The North-American,' we have found leisure to read but four; and these, we confess, rather from the seeming attractiveness, in the first instance, of their titles. The entire articles, in their order, are: 'The Condition and Prospects of Canada;' 'THIERS'S History of the Consulate and the Empire;' 'DANA'S Geology of the Exploring Expedition;' 'Scottish Queens and English Princesses;' 'DENNISTOUN'S Dukes of URBINO;' 'DE QUINCEY'S Writings;' 'The Future of Labor;' 'Dwellings and Schools for the Poor;' 'QUINCEY'S History of Boston,' and the 'Critical Notices.' We first read the article upon AGNES STRICKLAND'S 'Queens of Scotland,' and found it an admirable synopsis of that very interesting volume, which may be commended to all interested in the eventful deeds of Scottish history, and in Scotland's eminent historical characters. The paper upon the 'Writings of DE QUINCEY' next attracted us. It is written *con amore*, and with an evident knowledge of his subject, on the part of the writer; but, save in a few brilliant exceptions, we cannot but think the later writings of the English opium-eater have been very greatly over-rated. Let any faithful critic of DE QUINCEY observe how wofully verbose he is at times; how he 'beats the bush' for imaginative game, which do not repay the winning; and how his thoughts go off at a tangent, following nothing, and arriving at less; and it will be found that he is a bad precedent, with all his occasional brilliancy, for any young writer to follow. That we admire many of DE QUINCEY'S better writings, the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER have borne abundant testimony. His 'Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts,' for example, particularly the first part, is in his very best vein, and long since received due honor in these pages. In his 'Literary Reminiscences,' also, are several rare sketches. His summing up of LAMB'S 'festive' character is especially felicitous: 'He was joyous, radiant with wit and frolic, mounting with the sudden motion of a rocket into the highest heaven of outrageous fun and absurdity; then bursting into a fiery shower of puns, chasing syllables with the agility of a squirrel bounding among the trees, or a cat pursuing its own tail; but in the midst of all this stormy gayety, he never said or did any thing that could, by possibility, wound or annoy. The sensibility of his organization was so exquisite, that effects which travel by separate stages with most other men, in him fled along the nerves with the velocity of light.' 'Dwellings and Schools

for the Poor' is a well-considered and well-written article, with illustrative plans and elevations of 'model-houses' for families in London. The notice of BANCROFT's History, in the 'Critical Notices,' mentions one defect which it may be hoped that work will 'live down;' namely, that it is too national, and too strongly infused with love and admiration of our own country. Hear the reviewer. He is speaking of Mr. BANCROFT's earlier volumes: 'His manner had one signal excellence, which would have atoned for many faults; it was never feeble, prosy, or dull. One other quality it had, which contributed largely to the success of the work, though we are not sure that it will add to its merits in the estimation of posterity. It was animated throughout by a fervid spirit of patriotism; a love of country too exalted to be discriminating, and an admiration of the American polity, which would brook no limitations and admit of no defects, colored his pages so highly, that the historian seemed to give place to the eulogist, and the leading personages of the story to be uniformly represented as saints or heroes.' But on the whole, the present is a very fair number of our time-honored and chief Quarterly.

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MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BY ARSENE HOUSSAYE. In two volumes. pp. 450. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall.

THIS is a capital book. The author presents us with a series of lively and brilliant sketches of the principal philosophers, poets, painters, musicians, and beauties who figured in France during the reign of Louis XV. With the political history of France during that epoch, with the great battles and treaties, with the disasters that attended her arms and deprived her of her colonial empire, most persons are acquainted; but the social habits of her people, their modes of thought and manner of life, are known to few save the historical student, who has the time and patience to wade through the voluminous *mémoires pour servir*. A book which should furnish such information to the general reader has long been a desideratum, and this desideratum is admirably supplied by the volumes before us, which unite the *utile* of history with the *dulce* of romance. The author's principal sources of information are the aforesaid memoirs, and the correspondence and journals of the day; but he sometimes drew his information from other and more interesting sources. 'I put in operation,' he tells us, 'another species of study. Every time I met in the world a man or a woman of the eighteenth century, I tried to read with open book their recollections.' How well he has availed himself of this means of information, may be seen in the article on DORAT. Thanks to M. HOUSSAYE, we are no longer compelled to gaze upon the great men of the eighteenth century in the statuesque attitude of historical personages. We are admitted to all the privileges of contemporaries; we have the *entrée* of the literary salons; we are permitted to behold the field-marsals, the poets, and the painters, who have laid aside their batons, their pens, and their palettes, to listen to the bon-mot and repartee, the sparkling wit of PIRON, FONTENELLE, and RIVAROL. A charming society it is; and we doubt not the reader will derive both amusement and instruction from an acquaintance with the 'Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century.' We cannot forbear paying a merited compliment to the publisher. The volumes are 'gotten up' in elegant style, in regard both to typography and binding; and each volume is adorned with a beautiful portrait, the 'counterfeit presentments' of Louis *le bien aimé* and Madame de POMPADOUR.

PUTNAM'S SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY FOR TRAVELLERS AND THE HOME CIRCLE. In paper covers; price Twenty-five Cents. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THIS library is to compose a regular periodical issue, with 'good paper, good print, in a pocketable form, and for the library.' The publisher promises 'books that are worth reading and worth preserving, and a large amount of reading for a small price.' Mr. PUTNAM commences his selections well. He gives us 'Home and Social Philosophy,' entertaining and instructive chapters on everyday topics from DICKENS's 'Household Words;' THOMAS HOOD's amusing 'Whimsicalities,' illustrated by numerous wood-cuts; 'The World Here and There,' edited by DICKENS; 'Hood's Own,' selected papers; 'Home Narratives,' edited by CHARLES DICKENS; 'A Journey to Iceland, and Travels in Sweden and Norway,' translated from the German by CHARLOTTE FENNIMORE COOPER; and 'Up the Rhine,' in two volumes, by THOMAS HOOD. We see announced, also, as 'in preparation,' a great variety of other works, of an attractive character, if one may judge from the titles, and the names and reputation of the authors. Of these we shall take appropriate notice hereafter.

THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Arranged under the Direction of the HON. CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State. By E. B. O'CALLAGHAN, M. D. In two volumes, large Quarto. pp. 1257. WARD, PARSONS AND COMPANY, Public Printers, Albany.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of an old friend and correspondent, Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, Secretary of State, for a copy of these two remarkable volumes; remarkable for the thoroughness of research, the completeness of detail, which they exhibit, and for the admirable arrangement of the author, by which the whole history of the Empire State, beginning at the very earliest period, passes consecutively before the reader as in a moving panorama; wherein figure all its great characters, red and white; and wherein are developed and set forth all the great facts which had their influence in making the State what she is—the pride and glory of the Union. That portion of the first volume which embodies the early Indian history, possesses the interest of a romance; while the illustrative engravings, copies of rude aboriginal art, give an additional zest to portions of the text. Very quaint and rare are the papers in the second volume, relating to Lieutenant-Governor LEISLER's administration; the manuscripts of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON are replete with interest; and the paper on 'Early Steam-Navigation' is alone worth the price of the work, if, indeed, it be for sale, of which we are not advised. The first volume is enriched by a map of 'New-Belgium,' (now New-York,) and a part of New-England. In point of time, it is the third oldest map extant of the province, having been preceded by only two Dutch maps, one in 1616, and the other in 1618. Beside other old and rare maps, pictures of Indian totems, etc., the first volume contains several of the earliest views and military plans of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, boundary-lines between the whites and Indians in 1768, etc., etc. The second volume is still richer in illustrations of a more finished kind; steel engravings, giving the earliest views of SACKETT's Harbor and New-York; a portrait of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON; a great variety of interesting maps and military plans; plans and pictures of RUMSEY's and FROCH's first steam-boats; with two superb views of the upper and lower falls of the Genesee, then called 'Casconchiagon,' or 'Little Seneca's River;' a

sketch of Buffalo, etc., etc. The volumes do great credit to the author; the type is large and clear, and well impressed; *but*, we could wish that the paper had been better. What an improvement it would have been to the volumes, had they appeared upon such paper as the English public volumes are printed upon!—of a good color and firm body.

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APPLETON'S POPULAR LIBRARY OF THE BEST AUTHORS. Essays from the 'London Times,' and HUE'S Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE liberal and enterprising publishers, from whose old-established house these volumes reach us, have proceeded with their accustomed judgment in their selections for the popular series commenced as above. The papers from the 'London Times,' unquestionably the ablest daily journal in the world, are chosen with marked discrimination. We have first a full and faithful private history of 'Lord NELSON and Lady HAMILTON,' an article no less remarkable for its style than for its condensation of historical facts; while of other personal papers, we have 'LOUIS PHILIPPE and his Family,' 'HOWARD, the Philanthropist,' ROBERT SOUTHY and COLERIDGE; DEAN SWIFT, STELLA and VANESSA; 'JOHN KEATS' and 'FRANCIS CHANTREY.' Aside from these, are articles upon 'Railway Novels,' the 'Drama of the French Revolution,' 'Sporting in Africa,' and 'Ancient Egypt.' All these papers illustrate topics of a permanent biographical and historical interest, and while they exhibit a variety of treatment, are models of their class. The whole is mainly a reprint from a work issued by MURRAY, the eminent London publisher. The second of the above-named selections is a reprint of a translation from the French, published by LONGMAN in London; the eventful story of a long journey and circuit of Chinese Tartary, performed by a Roman Catholic missionary and his assistant. 'On their route every where is novelty, danger, and excitement; fresh scenery, fresh adventure, with religious rites, and manners and customs, now for the first time fully described, and which appeal not only to the general love of intelligence, but to a love of the marvellous also.'

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LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY: with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord COCKBURN. In two volumes. Volume First. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

WE simply mention the publication of this very interesting work at this time, having neither the leisure nor the space to do justice to its merits in the present number. It will receive adequate notice hereafter. We can only make present room for JEFFREY'S opinion of DICKENS'S 'Christmas Carol,' expressed in a letter to the author: 'We are all charmed with your Carol; chiefly, I think, for the genuine *goodness* which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the CRATCHETS is like the dream of a beneficent angel, in spite of its broad reality; and little *Tiny Tim*, in life and death, almost as sweet and as touching as NELLY. You should be happy, for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of beneficence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom, since Christmas, 1842.'



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A FEW MORE FABLES.—It won't take the reader a great while to discover the satire couched in the '*Fables*' which ensue. In these days of political conventions and keenly-contested legal trials, they have an especial interest. But what a cutting rebuff that is which is given by the Ass to Æsop, in the last example! We have seldom seen any editorial thrust among our contemporaries that was *quite* so severe, although we have remarked not a few that somewhat resembled it:

### *Paucum plus Fabularum: or a Few More Fables.*

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BY GILBERT SPHINX: MASTER OF ARTS, PROFESSOR OF THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES, DIRECTOR OF A PLANK-ROAD, ETC., ETC., ETC.

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#### FABULA I.

##### THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE MOON AFTER THE LATE ECLIPSE.

A MONTH or two ago, the moon suffered a total eclipse. Thereat the Man in the Moon was highly indignant, and considered what course he should adopt to prevent a repetition of the injury to the orb of which he is sole proprietor and inhabitant. 'I think,' said he, 'that I will hold a large and enthusiastic meeting, and pass resolutions on the subject, and see what effect that will have.'

So he posted in the most conspicuous places of the Moon large hand-bills, which exhorted himself to assemble on the following night, to take into consideration 'the late unwarrantable aggressions of the mother-planet.'

In obedience to this call, the Man in the Moon mustered at the time appointed, and made a speech to himself of such overpowering eloquence, that he unanimously adopted the resolutions which he had drawn up for the occasion. The following is a copy of the proceedings of the convention:

'At a meeting of the Man in the Moon, held on the twenty-first day of March, 1852, he called himself to the chair, and, after a stirring and patriotic speech, adopted the following resolutions, amidst tremendous enthusiasm:

'RESOLVED: That the conduct of the Earth in eclipsing this free and independent orb on the night of the last instimo, was outrageous, flagrant, mean, and pusillanimous.

'RESOLVED: That if it is repeated, this orb will nullify, and go off on its own hook.

'RESOLVED: That the thanks of this convention be presented to the chairman for the able and impartial manner in which he has presided over its deliberations.'

What will be the effect of these resolutions I am unable to say; but I will remark as a significant, a *highly* significant circumstance, that there has not been a total eclipse of the moon since.

#### MORAL.

I HOPE that those learned gentlemen who make almanacs will learn from this fable how wicked it is in them to get up so many eclipses, merely for the sake of selling their incendiary publications. It has been said that the convention spoken of above was 'packed,' but that is not true. The Man in the Moon would scorn to pack a convention.

## FABULA II.

THE RULING OF MR. JUSTICE BRUIN IN THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VS. LUPUS.

A HORRID villain of a wolf was tried for the murder of a sheep before Mr. Justice BRUIN, the distinguished Nisi Prius Judge, who was then holding Oyer and Terminer in one of the back counties. An OWL was sworn on the part of the people. 'Mr. OWL,' said Attorney-General BADGER, 'did the prisoner at the bar kill the said sheep?'

'He did,' said the witness OWL, who was a very nice, orthodox old fowl.

'How do you know that he did?' asked Mr. Attorney-General.

'Because, Sir,' said Mr. OWL, 'I saw him at the very time *when* he did.'

'Scoundrel!' muttered the Judge, noting the testimony in his minutes; 'scoundrel! kill a poor sheep: he shall hang like a dog. Is there any testimony in behalf of the prisoner, Mr. VULPIN?'

'There is, your honor,' replied Mr. FOX, who was counsel for the prisoner. 'I shall produce a most respectable and pious gentleman, whose testimony will effectually free my client from the charge which is made against him. Crier, call the Reverend Mr. BLOODYJAWS.'

The Reverend Mr. BLOODYJAWS being thereupon called, came forth. This 'respectable and pious' witness was a black wolf, with a countenance of extraordinary sanctity.

'Mr. BLOODYJAWS,' said Mr. FOX, 'did the prisoner at the bar kill the said sheep?'

'No, Sir,' said the witness, 'he did not.'

'How do you know that he did not?' said Mr. FOX.

'Because,' replied the witness, 'I saw him at the very time *when* he did n't.'

'I object, may it please the court, to this evidence,' said the Attorney-General.

'The evidence may go to the Jury,' said the Judge, after the point had been discussed, 'because, if it be true that the witness saw the wolf at the very time when he *did n't* kill the sheep, it follows that the prisoner cannot be guilty; especially if the day when he *did n't* kill the sheep was after the day when he *did*.'

## M O R A L.

THIS fable illustrates a legal point which has never before had the benefit of a judicial construction, to my knowledge. Mr. HOWARD is entirely welcome to insert it in his Practice Reports, if he wishes to do so.

## FABULA III.

THE ASS WHO WROTE A FABLE.

AN Ass once complained that he had been greatly injured by Æsop, having been held up before the eyes of all mankind as the most ridiculous of animals. 'But I will be revenged,' said he, 'for I will write a fable myself, in which Æsop shall appear to be a very ridiculous man, and the Ass to be an animal of great wisdom and attainments.' He therefore wrote the following fable:

## 'The Sarcastic Ass.

THE Ass, that wise and learned animal, sat one day in his study writing a Treatise on the Human Mind, and muttering to himself in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Polyglot languages. Somebody rang the door-bell. 'Solomon,' said this profound philosopher to his man, 'go open the door; and if my friends Baron HUMBOLDT and ARISTOTLE are there, make your manners to them, and give 'em my compliments, and say that I'll be down directly; but if it's that Scotch deputation again, tell 'em that I positively cannot accept that Professorship in the Edinburgh University, and it will be of no use to urge me. I won't go. Set the dog on 'em, Solomon. They have kept me in a state of siege for three months.'

'Solomon went out, and presently returned, saying that old Dr. Æsop had called, and begged to see the illustrious Dr. ASINUS.

'Show him in, Solomon,' said that learned animal; and as his servant again departed, he continued: 'I will take this opportunity to address Æsop in the most pungent and sarcastic manner, so that he will not be able ever to hold up his head again.'

'Good morning, Dr. Æsop,' said the Ass, as the scurrilous old Grecian entered the room.

'Good morning, Dr. ASINUS,' said Æsop.

'Sir,' the Ass continued, 'how are you?'

'Tolerable,' said Æsop.

'Sir,' said the Ass, rising from his chair, and making use of his most sarcastic manner, '*how is your grandmother?*''

## M O R A L.

FROM this fable it may be seen that the Ass is not only an animal of astonishing wisdom, but that he is able to utter the most pithy and withering remarks whenever he chooses to do so. Æsop ought to have looked out how he fooled with such a witty personage, as he found out, in this instance, to his sorrow!

FLORAL. — We most cordially join in commending to metropolitan favor and patronage the beautiful enterprise whose character is set forth in the subjoined communication: 'England has every year a cluster of midsummer days, whose beauty is no where surpassed. There is a constant moisture in the atmosphere, which prevents the foliage from withering in the ardors of July and August, and which imparts to the English landscape that roundness and fulness of form, and richness of texture, to which America affords no parallel. It is this which justifies and occasions English pastoral poetry, which is so much more expressive and beautiful than that of any other nation save the Italian. Many of the finest passages in English verse — as you discover on some enchanted July day in the heart of Derbyshire or Worcestershire — are pure landscape-painting. This is especially remarkable, among recent poetry, in TENNYSON's '*In Memoriam*,' where the coloring is as gorgeous and as natural as upon TURNER's dazzling canvases. It is during these delicious days, whose beauty is so brief, that the horticultural displays take place in Regent's Park, and at Kew and Chiswick, just beyond London. There is no festival in the year more beautiful or more honored. It is the very flower and culmination of the English season.

'One bright morning in a recent summer I drove with friends at noon from London to Chiswick. The road was thronged with the gay phaëtons of the 'fast' gentry; the neat cabs of men of leisure and fashion; the slow-rolling dowager chariots, garnished with powdered and stolid-visaged coachmen, and tall, full-legged funkeys; and the quiet cobs of grave men, trotting at a highly respectable rate toward the summer-palace of the Duke of Devonshire. Magnificent Chatsworth, also, is a mansion of this nobleman's, some four or five hours from London upon the rail-road, in Derbyshire, and of which Mr. DOWNING has given us the best account in his letters to *The Horticulturist*. Chiswick is a smaller spot, but it has the same thick, green foliage; sweeping, cloud-like, smooth lawns, whose surface yields more crisply and luxuriously to the foot than Persian carpets; the same glassy, dark streams, set in velvet verdure; the same winding paths; every where the same impression of a princely estate which for years had been held by princes. The green-houses were open, the graperies, and the gardens; aerial buildings had been thrown up to shelter the plants and fruits from the sun; and in one pavilion, separate and superb as a queen, was the miraculous lily, 'VICTORIA REGINA,' owned by the Duke of Northumberland, and a very tropic in itself. Among these flowers, along the paths and upon the lawns, was constantly moving a crowd of all that was most famous in every department of London life: poets, painters, authors, gardeners, noblemen, and men and women of fashion. Children shouted and ran upon the grass, and looked longingly at the exquisite fruit, and, by their gay dresses and blithe frolic, completed the beauty of the scene.

'The practical result of all this is, the splendid fruit of England, and its rare and choice flowers. The gardener, whose time and skill have been devoted to rearing whatever is finest in its kind, comes to Chiswick, to Kew, or to Regent's Park, and challenges the world. Like the poetic tournament of the Minnesingers upon the Wartburg, these festivals are a tilt of flowers and fruit, at which every victor earns a fame of the utmost value to him in his profession. A movement of the same character has recently been commenced in New-York, in which not only the practical florists, but the gentlemen who own large estates near the

city, or who have conservatories in their town-houses, are interested. The list of members rapidly increases; their character and position certify the success of the enterprise; and the town will be enchanted in the early days of summer by an exhibition which will make Metropolitan Hall a palace of FLORA; a resort which will delay many feet already turned country-ward, and which will secure to those who cannot escape the city a brief vision of perfect summer. 'Who so base as not' to wish this aim success, to the amount of three dollars' worth, which is the annual subscription of members? None, surely; and to all the rest who will willingly and gladly secure the permanence of a Horticultural Society in New-York, be this line a leaf of rosemary for remembrance. 'Pray you, love, remember!'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Friends, *old* friends, let us impart a fond secret to you. We won't say that you 'mustn't let it go any farther,' because you can 'pass it on' as fast and as far as you like. There is in the press of the Messrs. APPLETONS a volume, to be speedily followed by another, entitled '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table: by L. Gaylord Clark.*' It has been prepared at the suggestion of many friends, the favorable judgment of several of whom would do honor to a far worthier literary project. During sixteen years, sitting alone or with company in the sanctum, or circulating in society, we have seen and heard much to awaken mirth, and felt much that has awakened tears. Looking back now upon these records, almost forgotten, we find that they seem new even to us, and the old emotions with which they were originally jotted down, come back again freshly upon us. Now any one man who feels and enjoys; who can neither resist laughter nor forbid tears that *will* out and *must* have vent; such an one, it seems to us, is simply an epitome of the public. So thinking, and so hoping, we have gone back over the long, long period during which we have gossiped with our readers, and have segregated from our pages such passages as interested us most when we wrote them: and as there will be at least no lack of variety, and abundant contrast, we trust to be able to make our first humble 'venture' acceptable to readers generally. One thing we can at least promise, and that is, that however far short it may fall of excellence, it shall contain nothing that may offend; while in the character of its execution, its distinct divisions, largeness of type, quality of paper, etc., the publishers will leave nothing to be desired. Our brother EDITORS, who may approve of our little project, will lay us under an obligation, which we shall be only too happy to reciprocate, if they will copy into their columns this brief programme of our design. Tell your readers, gentlemen, please, that we shall try to present for their acceptance a work that shall be a various and pleasant companion for the rail-car, the steam-boat, and the fire-side. - - - THEY have a tremendous poet in Madison, Wisconsin. 'His name it is' JAMES T. DAVIS, and he is immense. He did not at first, as we learn, have unshaken confidence in his powers; but upon showing his effusions privately to a friend, he was made aware of their extraordinary merit, and advised to commit them to the press at once. His adviser at first affected to think them not his own, but copies of new poems by our friend BAYARD TAYLOR! So he gets his 'editor,' in a specimen-sheet, in advance of a volume embracing his entire poetical works, to write: 'Having been offered

for publication, these poems were condemned as outright plagiarisms, either from BYRON, SCOTT, or BAYARD TAYLOR. This false and slanderous stain on the character of an author conscious of a strict and unscrupulous reliance on his own powers, unless removed, would work the deepest wrong both to the public and myself: and he goes on to say that he has 'an affidavit, under the Great Seal of the State of Wisconsin, sworn and subscribed before *himself*, that they are unqualifiedly original, verbatim et literatim, and copy-right secured!' The style of typography of the 'specimen,' which is printed apparently upon wet-leather types, is not less remarkable than the orthography, etc., which out-YELLOWPLUSHES YELLOWPLUSH. We present two brief extracts. The first is from a poem entitled '*The Joys of Spring*,' and the second from another description of '*A Walk from my Cot*.'

## FIRST EXTRACT.

'THE Rain Drops of spring intermingle with the morning Dew,  
It causeth the herbage to grow  
And come in its green Silkin hue.  
The hill tops have recovered the wintry Blast,  
and from Brown into Green they are cast.  
The face of our land most gay  
now clothed in the garment of may,  
the cherping birds—  
Who flock around sweet may when Drest so superb,  
they Rejoice to hear Springs welcome voic,  
for in the flower of May Do they rejoice.

'the Bee this morning came  
and so Didst thou the same,  
and me he stung, but for this thou art not to Blame  
the Lily it did suck,  
and honey from it tuck,  
thou this morning smote my cheek  
and I didst speak,  
if thou would visit me early in the morn  
I would the adorn  
the rose you visit first  
and call her your sweet child, be cause she Did on you with fragrance Birst.'

## SECOND EXTRACT.

'WHILE walking from my cot hearily in the morn,  
beneath the shades of the twilight Dawn  
I Rambled to the shore,  
for nations Beauty to adore—beautiful,  
I saught my self Down by the willow,  
there to listen to the roleing Bilow,  
I snuft the morning heare,  
the Rose so fare had nipped the air  
With its fragrance and its Beauty,  
I said fond spring thou art ever faithful to thy duty,  
as the sun arose it Tip'd the hills with Read,  
And kindly said sweet rose lie smile upon thy head.'

The author of these sublime lines, we infer, is going abroad. He is going

— 'to Rome on from shores,  
and Listen to the sound of Biloing Rores.'

The compositor, in placing the lines in type, spelt rores 'roars;' but the proof-reader corrected it by the original, much to the gratification of the author, who assured him that he wouldn't had that mistake go out to the 'reading public' for the price of his reputation, 'it looked so ign'rant!' - - - How many reminiscences of 'days that were' rose up from the 'dark backward and abysm of time,' as we read the following passage in a familiar epistle from an old friend and fellow-student! The writer is speaking of the scene represented by the fine picture of THAYER, recently noticed in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER: 'I rode yesterday through 'the Hollow,' and close by the old church; and my heart filled with boyhood's memories, as I looked upon its well-preserved but

reverend frame; its wooden columns, its gilded weather-cock, and its tin-tipped spire; and that fullness swelled to overflowing, as I looked behind it, upon the gray walls of our dear old ACADEMY; and upon that row of locust-trees, now picturesque, and strong with age, that were but pliant saplings when you and I, and CHARLIE, (and some who are better now than we,) used to beat the ball, and play at quoits, upon the green they shade! I stopped instinctively, and waited there an hour. I heard again the bell that used to call us to our morning task; I looked upon the hills on which we spent our holy-days. There was the same old orchard, and the chestnut-grove that H—— used to guard, and from which, in spite of his watching, we used to bear our golden stores. Oh! I could almost hear the voices, I could almost see the faces we may never see again. And as I turned away, my heart could not suppress the prayer, that we may all meet again, with fresher, gladder feeling, in that changeless world where youth will be immortal, and even to enter which, we must renew the childhood of the soul again, and ‘become as little children.’ - - - In the eastern part of Delaware county, in this State, there resides a man named B——, now a Justice of the Peace, and a very sensible man, but, by common consent, the ugliest-looking individual in the whole county; being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day, he was out hunting, and on one of the mountain-roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, uglier, by all odds, than himself. He could give the ‘Square’ ‘fifty, and beat him.’ Without saying a word, B—— raised his gun and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. ‘For God’s sake, don’t shoot!’ shouted the man, in great alarm. ‘Stranger,’ replied B——, ‘I swore ten years ago, that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I’d shoot him; and you are the fust one I’ve seen.’ The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his ‘rival,’ replied: ‘Wal, captain, if I look any worse than *you* do, *shute!* I don’t want to live no longer!’ - - - A poor captive at the Sing-Sing prison was recently killed instantly by the bursting of a grind-stone on which he was grinding files, and which was driven by steam. The unfortunate man was ~~but~~ twenty-seven years of age. He had been sentenced for five years, which would have expired in a few days. He had increased the velocity of the stone to enhance the amount of his labor; doubtless with the hope of earning something ‘over’ for himself, that he might use when he should once more hail the ‘sunlight and the blessed air’ of freedom. Perhaps it may seem ‘mawkish,’ but, to our conception, there is something very affecting in this incident; and yet the released convict ‘sleeps well’ where ‘the prisoners rest together’ in undistinguishable graves. - - - TIME’s come for taking the spotted trout; and we are daily thinking of the streams where they lie perdu in the beautiful region of the Susquehanna and the Chenango; and with ‘Rex,’ the King-fisher of that section, we must presently proceed thither, and wile the subtle prey from their hiding-places. With ‘ground-bait,’ or ‘fly,’ *some* of ‘em must be lured into our baskets. ‘Silly, blind bodies, canna they *see*’ the sort of ‘tempting offers’ that are made them; when their lovers, bent on their seduction, ‘drop them a line’ explanatory of their object? After all, however, we ‘humans’ are not much wiser:

With contempt we may look on the fish in the brook,  
That we’re cruel enough to make fatal assault on,  
Those strange figments of foil, fur, silk, leather, and hook,  
Called ‘flies’ by the school of the late IZAAK WALTON.

But though man sits as judge on perch, trout, pike, and gudgeon,  
How oft when *we* rise at life’s ‘flies’ do we look in ‘em,  
To ascertain whether, under foil, silk and feather,  
The things we snap up have or have not a *hook* in ‘em?

THERE is something very touching and expressive in this account of Dr. JOHN-SON'S last hours. A friend had, at last, induced him to execute his will, which he resolutely postponed to the last, from a kind of presentiment that the act itself would hasten his demise: 'As the fire burned up, he found himself relieved, and grew cheerful. After I had dictated a few lines, I told him that the ancient form of wills contained a profession of the faith of the testator; and that he being a man of eminence for learning and for parts, it would afford an illustrious example, and well become him, to make such a declaration of his belief as might obviate all suspicions that he was any other than a Christian. He thanked me for the hint, and, calling for paper, wrote on a slip that I had in my hand and gave him, the following words: 'I humbly commit to the infinite and eternal goodness of ALMIGHTY GOD my soul, polluted with many sins; but, as I hope, purified by repentance, and redeemed, as I also trust, by the death of JESUS CHRIST.' - - - HERE is a '*Tribute to Woman*,' from a note to the Editor, the justice of which few will dispute: 'There is a *something* about woman that is curious, is n't there? This morning I swept the school-house. I thought 't was nicely done. I felt proud. Presently some girls came in; and one, true to the instinctive sense of neatness characteristic of her sex, took the broom. She swept after me—and, good gracious, what a change! It seemed as if—well, I can't *tell*; but when she had got done, I had a very poor opinion of my house-keeping powers, I assure you. The stove-hearth, the wood by the stove, all, every thing, put on that look which only woman can give. What in creation is it that makes them give such *an air* to things?' - - - A NEW correspondent awakens some old country-thoughts, when he talks about sliding down hill in winter, playing fox-and-geese in the snow, making maple-sugar in the spring 'sap-works,' chewing hemlock-gum, going to spelling-schools and speaking-schools, Fourth-of-July, and 'General Trainin',' with its water-mouthing 'water, mush, and other millions,' its gingerbread, its small beer, and small cakes for small boys. Ah, well-a-day! would n't we like to be made *as easily* happy now as then!' - - - A NOTICE of the recent death of Rev. WILLIAM WARE, of Boston, was prepared for our last number, but accidentally crowded out. Those of our readers who have perused in these pages the '*Letters from Palmyra*' and the '*Letters from Rome*,' will need no farther evidence of the creative genius and purity of style which have established the author's literary reputation upon a broad and firm basis. Many editions of each of these works have been issued, both in England and America, since their first appearance in the KNICKERBOCKER; nor are they at all lessened in popularity at the present moment. As a man and a Christian, Mr. WARE was beloved by all who had the pleasure to enjoy his acquaintance and friendship. It was always a delight to us to peruse his letters: they were models of naturalness, grace, and elegance, and were always the faithful reflex of his mind and heart. He was an exemplary pastor, a good neighbor, a true friend, an affectionate husband and father. The disease of which he finally died was paralysis, to successive shocks of which his latterly delicate system had been exposed. A touching and characteristic incident connected with his death, was recently mentioned by Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWES, of this city, in an eloquent discourse upon that theme: 'His steps were to the very last attended by a special blessing: a son some seven years old, the angel of God's presence, sent by PROVIDENCE to lead him over the rough places of his wearisome journey to its close. When he was at length struck by the last blow



from his mortal enemy, and lay for more than a week in painless unconsciousness, with occasional gleams of recognition for his family, this little boy, shortly before he died, approached and kissed his father's lips. Mr. WARE murmured, in a whisper, just audible, 'Sweeter than a thousand flowers!' and these were his last words.' Joy and rejoicing to his ransomed spirit, in that land where summer is eternal, and where the flowers never wither! - - - MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, on the eighteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-fourth of May, will give in New-York her last concerts in America. When shall we look upon her like again? When shall we hear such another voice in the great hall of TRIPLER? One who heard her in Boston last Autumn for the first time, writes us from far 'down east' that he is coming to town expressly to 'listen to her ravishing strains once more.' He wrote some verses upon hearing her before, of which the subjoined stanzas are very beautiful:

'WHEN evening came so calm and still,  
We went to the place of prayer,  
And she in her robes of spotless white  
Stood alone before us there.

'And there she sang as the angels sing  
In their celestial bowers,  
'I know that my REDEEMER lives,'  
And we felt that her GOD was ours.

'And we blessed her again with streaming eyes,  
And hearts that were filled with love;  
For we knew when she ceased to sing on earth,  
She would sing in the heavens above.'

READ '*Fruitless Crowns*,' the initial paper of the present number, if you would see the difference between a condensed, 'matter-full' style, and that species of writing which skirmishes 'all about and about' a subject without reaching it; which few read, and none remember. - - - A 'GREAT MEDICINE,' as the Indians phrase it, in Maryland, from whom we shall always be well pleased to hear, sends us two or three items, the perusal of which may 'assist digestion:' 'A worthy physician of our city, a member of the Society of Friends, has a favorite negro coachman who happens to be a Methodist. Not only is 'SAM' a Methodist, but he is also as bright and shining a light in the church as it is possible for such a piece of ebony to be. You know, I presume, how the blacks conduct their devotions. Well, SAM was in the habit of selecting his master's kitchen as the scene of the social meetings which he led; and these religious services were not conducted entirely on the plan which a Quaker would altogether approve. The Doctor, however, is famous for his good-nature, and he endured the boisterous piety of his servant and his friends with wonderful equanimity. One night, however, when they had been unusually 'powerful in prayer,' the Doctor thought proper to administer a gentle reproof. So, the meeting over, the zealous coachman was summoned before his master. 'SAM,' said the old gentleman, 'why does thee make so much noise in prayer? Doesn't thee know that the ALMIGHTY is not far off, but nigh unto thee; neither is his ear deaf, that it cannot hear? HE can hear thee as well when thee whispers as when thee roars.' 'Massa Doctor,' replied SAM, full of confidence in his superior theological lore, 'you isn't read de Scriptures wid no kind ob 'tention.' 'How so, SAM?' 'Why, you done forgot,' pears to me, how it says dar, plain as kin be, '*Hollered be dy name!*' The Doctor gave up SAM in despair, for there was no answering *that* 'argument.' By the by, talking about negro preachers, reminds me of an old white-headed Baptist negro, who used to harangue a dark flock in a small house in this town.

The old fellow always laid especial stress on the distinctive tenets of his sect. One evening he was explaining the origin of the heresy of sprinkling, and gave the account of the early performances of that rite on this wise: 'You see, my bredren, dey jis tuck de converts down to de 'branch,' and walked 'em a little into de water. Den de preacher, he takes a bunch ob swishes, and he stooped down and cotch up a little ob de water and gin it a small sling on de people.' The protracted and contemptuous emphasis which he laid on the words '*small sling*' should have been *heard* to be appreciated. Extempore prayer is undoubtedly a very good thing when it is well done; but that, as you very well know, is not always the case. I have heard a congregation recommended to the LORD on the ground of its respectability. One of the greatest atrocities in this line, to which I have ever been witness, took place at a funeral. The pastor of the congregation was so much affected that he could not continue the ceremony; for in the coffin before him lay the oldest member of his congregation, one of his kindest, truest, and most constant friends. He therefore called on another clergyman to discharge the sad duty, which he commenced in this wise: 'O LORD! have mercy upon thy servant, who, for reasons which, if explained to this large and respectable congregation, would prove perfectly satisfactory to every member of it, declines performing the service at the grave,' etc. This is, verbatim, the structure of the opening sentence of his prayer. How different from the majestic 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust' of the solemn Episcopal service!' - - - We commend to the careful attention and candid judgments of our readers the *Lecture on the Morality of the Law*, not long since delivered before the bar of New-York, by our friend and correspondent, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, Esq., as it appeared in the '*Evening Post*' and '*Evening Mirror*.' Our readers, in past months, will have observed that we have kept up a 'line of observation' respecting the morality, etc., of law-pleadings, and we are glad to find our views confirmed by so keen an intellect and so good a lawyer as Mr. KIMBALL. It may be 'an ill bird that fouls its own nest,' but it is a wise and considerate bird that shows how it may and should be kept clean. The lecture has been widely read, and a Philadelphia daily journal has devoted a series of articles to a controversion of certain of its positions, but apparently with little or no effect. - - - Gor the *idfluedza* ag'id: caught it id this cha'g'i'g April weather. Eddy thi'g with ad *eb* or ad *ed* id it, we cad't prodoudee at all. *Dow* we cad appreciate this '*Dialogue between a Pair of Sduff-Dakers*;' for takid' sduff has the sabe effect as the *idfluedza* od the dose:

"Goon bordi'g, Biss CUBBINS; how do you do this bordi'g?"

"Why, Biss GRIBES! do tell us, is that you? Where have you bid this lo'g tibe? Why haved't you bid to see us?"

"Oh, I did't go out bunc, as I have bid troubled a good deal with paid id the head a'd stobach. I have it sobe dow, but it's a-getti'g better."

"Ah! well, I ab glad of it. You busd't catch cold, Biss GRIBES. Wod't you have a pidch of sduff?"

"Yes. This is very fide sduff. Where does it cobe frob?"

"Well, I do d't dow. I sedt little TONNY after it; he got it dowd street sobewhere."

"Do you dow that bad that goes by here every bordi'g with a tid pail id his ha'd, a'd cokes back ag'id at dight?"

"Oh, that is Bister JIDDI'OS. He works dowd to the hasheed-shop, a'd carries his didder with hib. He is a dice you'g bad, a'd they say he is a-bakid buddy."

"Aid't he the wud that is payid atteliod to Bajor BASON's daughter, BARY ADD?"

"Do, it is d't BARY ADD; it is EBELIDE, wud of the twids. I suppose they will bake a batch of it."

"Well, I guess it's tibe for be to be a-goid."

"Cobe id a'd see us ag'id sood, wod't you?"

A'd exit Biss GRIBES. - - - Our readers will remember the circumstance of a young and beautiful Indian girl being killed recently at Deposit, on the New-

York and Erie Rail-road. Her native name was SASANEAH LOFFT. She was one of two intelligent and interesting sisters, who had been giving concerts in the Chenango valley, to great public acceptance. Judge AVERY, of Owego, with the courtesy and chivalry peculiar to himself, opened his house to 'LITTLE FLOWER,' the inconsolable survivor, and gave to the remains of the faded 'flower of the forest' a becoming funeral. The following lines, from the pen of a lady of taste and education, residing at Oxford, Chenango county, to whom one of the Indian girls had brought a letter of introduction, possess more than the usual merit of elegiac stanzas:

To her FATHER, the 'Great SPIRIT,'  
The forest child has fled;  
Sharp was the arrow, brief the pang,  
That laid her with the dead!

But yesterday, and she was here,  
Gay as the fawns that bound,  
In sportive grace and joyousness,  
Her woodland home around.

Holy her mission; for to her  
The blessed task was given,  
To show her dark-browed race a path,  
All luminous, to heaven.

But earth shall hear her song no more;  
'Tis done, that work of love;  
She wears a seraph's shining wings,  
And joins the choir above!

Bright, beautiful, and young was she,  
Majestic in her mien;  
And though no crown adorned her brow,  
She shone as Nature's queen.

Changeful as is a lakelet fair,  
With sunshine and with shade,  
Her face, o'er which the rays of mind  
In wondrous beauty played.

The Spring will come, with gentle hand,  
To deck her forest bowers,  
To wake the birds and sparkling streams,  
And ope the laughing flowers.

A glad some welcome waits for her  
Amid that sylvan shade,  
And there a yearning mother longs  
To clasp the Indian maid.

The birds will sing, the streams will dance,  
The flowers their perfume shed;  
But she, whose wild delight were all,  
Sleeps in a dreamless bed.

Oh, when thy fearful bolt, great God!  
Falls on that mother's heart,  
Send Thou thy Dove with gentle balm  
A solace to impart.

And though the blast, sweet 'Little Flower,'  
In dust has bowed thee low,  
Remember, He who sends a cloud  
Will also plant the bow!

Long, long, in sylvan solitudes,  
Will sound the tale, I ween,  
How the GREAT SPIRIT called to heaven  
Their bright, accomplished queen. X. C. C.

It should be added, in explanation of the third stanza, that these fair native minstrels were laboring to raise funds to be used in educating and christianizing the Mohawk people, now on the reservations in Canada. - - - In the course of a recent letter to the EDITOR from a correspondent in Milwaukee, there occurs this passage, which struck us as rather laughter-moving than otherwise: 'Deputy-Sheriff P——, of this city, was recently called upon to arrest a duly-registered 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor,' etc., on the charge of having forged city orders; rather a small business, by the way. After the arrest, 'DAVID,' the aspersed, wished to be accompanied among his friends for the purpose of procuring bail. The sheriff, in whose breast kindness and mercy are blended about 'af and af' with the sternness and dignity of justice, complied; but his efforts were all unavailing. Night was drawing on toward its small hours, and he could wait no longer. The accused must go to jail. As a last small favor, 'DAVID' wished to go home and break the sad news of his arrest to the companion of his bosom. In view of this mournful task, he was much agitated. 'Oh, Mr. P——,' said he, 'this is the hardest of all! How will my dear wife bear up under the blow? She is so sensitive, so solicitous, that it will overpower her; it will drive her crazy. She is a delicate creature, Mr. P——, and her sufferings will unnerve me!' A sympathetic tear started into the north-west corner of the officer's left eye, rolled down his manly cheek, rested for a moment upon his vest, and then diffused itself among the snow-flakes upon the ground, warming and melting even *their* obdurate hearts. They reached the house,

and entered. They were met by a stalwart Amazonian, whose large face shone with the lambent glories of an autumn sunset. DAVID in a faltering voice broke to her the terrible intelligence that she was to be robbed of her 'bosom's lord. P—— stood by to 'bear a hand' if she should faint. 'I am arrested, my dear, for forging.' 'What the d——l is *that*?' was the very affecting query of the 'sensitive' female. 'They accuse me of writing other people's names, and are going to put me in jail, my love.' 'Who in thunder is goin' to do it, DAVE?' replied the 'solicitous' wife; and without waiting for a reply, she proceeded to pile up anathemas loud *and* deep upon the heads of those who had sought to place him in durance vile. The sheriff was overwhelmed by the 'affecting' scene; yet, with a 'ruling passion' strong for the ludicrous, he touched the prisoner lightly under the fifth rib, with: 'Break it *gently* to her, DAVID; she's a delicate creature, is'n't she?' Let me mention another legal anecdote, and I am done. In a recent murder-trial in this city, of great public interest, where the usual course of intimidating or 'bluffing' the adverse witnesses was frequently resorted to, the following colloquy was held. Lawyer S——, for the prisoner, was engaged in the cross-examination of a Mr. C——: 'Now, witness, you stated on your direct examination that it was your *impression* that the prisoner did not have on a dirty shirt when you saw him: now can you say, on your oath, that he did *not* have on a dirty shirt?' 'I am positive,' replied the witness, 'that he did not have on a dirty shirt at that time.' Counsel, with a ferocious air and stentorian voice: 'Then, Sir, how dare you say that it was your *impression*, if you were *positive*? Leave the stand, Sir!' The opposing counsel called him back. 'Mr. C——, are you under the impression that you were *not* knocked down on your way to the court-room this morning?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Do you *know* you were *not*?' 'Yes, Sir-ee!' 'Then,' assuming the air and tone of Mr. S——, 'how dare you state to this jury and the court, on your solemn oath, that it was your *impression* that you were not knocked down, when you knew positively that you were not? You may leave the stand!' - - - Much amused to-day by an anecdote, new to us, of a clergyman in Georgia who had often been accused of being a better planter than preacher. One Sabbath morning, during a season of excitement in the cotton-market, and after a prayer of more than common length and fervency, which seemed to disturb somewhat his usual self-possession, he took up his hymn-book and devoutly said: 'You will please sing the fortieth psalm, second part, *long staple*!' - - - The doleful complaint made by the friend who sent us the note from which the following is an extract, was at once attended to by the namesake of the 'hero of San Jacinto:'

'Now his tears fall thicker:  
Wonder what they mean?  
Faith, they've stopped his KNICKER-  
BOCKER Magazine!'

'My magazine has been stopped nearly three months. No issuo—no communication. What is the matter at your end o' the line? Has the wire broke, or 'suthin gin eout'? Won't you be kind enough to screw her up, and see if you can't set her a-goin' again? I'll pay the bill for repairs when I see you next.' 'All right!' - - - '*Heroines of History*' is the title of a new and very attractive volume, from the pen of our excellent friend and correspondent, Mrs. M. E. HEWITT. We cordially adopt and endorse the praise bestowed upon the work by the capable critic of the New-York '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal: 'Mrs. HEWITT has made a judicious selection from those women made eminent by their abilities, their virtues, or by circumstances, for the subjects of her essays

in this pretty volume. The greatest women are those who are never heard of; who, in the perfection of womanhood, are true friends, pure Christians, fond and devoted wives and mothers. Such may not be called great 'intelligences,' but they are great *women*. To be all this completely, requires, it need not be said, no mean mental endowments, as well as the noblest traits of soul; but the lives of such, who are the happiest as well as the best of their sex, can rarely challenge the attention of the world. Next to them come such as are several of those whose lives Mrs. HEWITT has chronicled in a style which will win her many delighted youthful readers. The book is illustrated by engraved portraits. MESSRS. CORNISH, LAMPORT AND COMPANY are the metropolitan publishers, and they have performed their part faithfully. - - - The following letter was recently received by a town-correspondent, in answer to an advertisement for a man to clean his boots for him daily. The writer is a 'colored gemman:'

*'Newark the 20 of March 1852 two.*

'Sir: this Morning I Was informed by the Sun Paper of the Situation you have publishd. I do Hereby Certify to your Honor, Sir that iam qualifyd to Ocupy it.

'I Will produce an ample and dignifyd Carater—in the city or entry.

'I am advanced in years but Smart and active lately arivd here from the colage of Wilmington.

'Competent in ingenuity.

'Your Reply to this Sir— Will be imediately attend'd. P — L —'

BEREAVED heart! peruse the touching lines which ensue; and, in the language of the author, who wrote them in 1588, 'If thou be a father that reads, thou wilt apardone me; if not, suspend thy censure until thou be a father:'

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,  
Contending still with men untaught and wild,  
When HE who to the prophet lent his gourd  
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer-gift my precious flower was given,  
A very summer fragrance was its life;  
Its dear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,  
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,  
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss,  
With out-stretched arms its care-worn father greet;  
Oh! in the desert what a stream was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,  
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;  
For that home-solace nerved me for my part,  
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying!  
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night.)  
And HE who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,  
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely called, nor suddenly it perished,  
But gradual faded from our love away;  
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,  
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed MASTER saved me from repining,  
So tenderly HE sued me for His own;  
So beautiful HE made my babe's declining,  
Its dying blessed me, as its birth had done.

And daily to my board, at noon and even,  
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,  
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,  
Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,  
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,  
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,  
Our little lamb by GOD's own LAMB redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished,  
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand,  
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,  
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,  
Full of they cooed him to his noontide rest;  
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,  
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

'T was a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleeping,  
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild;  
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping —  
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still as he sickened, seemed the doves too dwining,  
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;  
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,  
One gentle bird would not be driven away.

His mother found it when she rose, sad-hearted,  
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;  
And when at last the little spirit parted,  
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,  
As with a human sorrow in its coo;  
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,  
Most pitifully 'plained — and parted too!

'T was my first present, my first pledge to Heaven!  
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,  
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,  
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

What calm, tender resignation, what sanctified sorrow, what holy trust, are here! - - - WE must be brief with 'P. M.,' who answers our private note returning his communication. He will pardon us for saying, that his 'argument' is no argument at all. A 'visible theme,' eh? Then what do you make of BRYANT'S '*Evening Wind*,' the most perfect poem, in all respects, that has ever been written in America? What is there 'visible' about the wind? For your argument is not to the '*mind's* eye,' don't you see, but to the outward vision. Follow the wind from the wild blue waves it has been riding all day, to the scorched shore, and the vast inland stretched beyond the sight; and restore it, with sounds and scents from all its mighty range, once more to its birth-place, the deep; and what is 'visible' to the outward sense save as it is reflected from the bright mirror of Genius? 'Visible themes!' Genius is the God-given gift that reveals the invisible to ordinary sight. - - - Our old rooster is dead! He was a glorious old cock, and treated his harem with the utmost gallantry and kindness, 'scratching about' for them in the soil of the flower-borders, and calling them about him to partake of the food the gods had provided. But the brave old fellow began to sicken; his 'shrill clarion' at day-light dwindled to a penny-trumpet, and a very poor 'herald of the morn' was he. At length he began to grow shabby; to lose all pride in his personal appearance; and anon, lost all heart, and would lie prone on the flagging of the walks, with his corrugated legs, 'like the corn in the brake,' sticking straight out before him; and while lying in this condition, with 'dimming eye and abated crest,' the women-folk of his household would go up and flout him, and pick at his attenuated legs! And so he died, leaving three widows and an interesting family of orphan eggs, some of them of a very tender age. When shall we look upon such a cock again? - - - SOMEBODY in the '*Evening Post*,' and somebody, too, who must have enjoyed them, has been describing '*The Pleasures of Maple-Sugar-Making in the Country*.' Ah! the writer is right. But he should have 'realized' the beginning of the scene he depicts. The coming on of the spring; the warmth



on the sunny-sides of the barns and out-houses, with the cows 'pensively ruminating,' their little ones, with high-arched, wiggling tails, 'bunting' at the 'maternal bosom,' and sliding down rearward, now and then, in that affectionate act, by reason of the little ice-hillocks, 'slippery places' which the fresh straw-litter had treacherously concealed; the cold nights and warm mid-days; the old 'sap-troughs,' before cedar-buckets were known; the bass-wood 'spouts,' split out with a gouge, from sweet-smelling cedar, before the evening fire; the tapping of the trees; the placing of the troughs; the gathering of the sap; the tremendous 'store-trough;' the suspended kettles; the foaming fluid; the syrup; the boiling down; the 'sugaring-off;' the night-watching over the suspended kettles, 'pot-ash' and other, from the straw couch of the temporary 'shanty;' the sudden 'sap-freshet;' the blue smoke curling up through the reddening maple woods; how all these things come back upon us at this moment! 'Oh, the days that are no more!' - - - WHEN we stood in the Patent-office at Washington, and looked at the little old RAMAGE press that BENJAMIN FRANKLIN worked upon when a journeyman printer in London, we could not help contrasting the state of printing then with what it is now: and this thought was still more forcibly brought to mind a day or two since, by receiving from an obliging correspondent a copy of the '*Columbian Centinel*,' published in Boston on the twentieth day of September, 1797. Aside from its interesting intelligence—and it contains, among other things, an account of the launch of the old 'CONSTITUTION' frigate, and the marriage of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS at London—the paper itself is a curiosity of ugliness. The paper is far coarser than any common wrapping-paper used now-a-days, and of very little brighter color; while the types—but they are indescribable! and yet the '*Centinel*' was one of the best-executed journals of its time. What a printing-office it must have had, in comparison, for example, with that in which the KNICKERBOCKER is executed, and which we premise at once we are about to describe at some length, as a matter of interest, in the first place, to many of our readers, and in the second place as an act of simple justice to an excellent printer and his faithful assistants, who have always vied with each other in making the external appearance of this Magazine second to that of no periodical in America or Europe. Mr. GRAY will soon be settled in his new quarters in Cliff street, near Franklin Square, when he will have 'ample room and verge enough' for the daily-increasing business that crowds upon him. The building to be occupied by Mr. GRAY, for solidity of construction, and adaptation to the purposes designed, is not surpassed any where. Three entire floors, each heated by steam, well ventilated, and admirably lighted by day and by night, will afford the requisite facilities for the dispatch of his immense business. Ascending to the fifth floor, we find the composing-room. In this apartment is performed the composition of *twenty* different publications, comprising semi-weekly, weekly, semi-monthly, and monthly newspapers and magazines, with a large amount of stereotype work—in fact, *every thing that can be done by type*, in the best and most tasteful manner. Here also is the jobbing department, where every species of plain and fancy printing is executed, by the aid of a most extensive and varied assortment of types, borders, and ornaments. Every thing is here conducted on the most perfect system. Two gentlemen, well qualified for their responsible positions, have charge, respectively, of the *literary* execution of the 'book, magazine, and job,' and 'newspaper' departments. The *mechanical* execution of the newspaper-work is under the charge of two of Mr. GRAY's brothers, brought up in his establishment; while Mr. LESTER, a man who 'each particular of his duty knows,' with several assistant-foremen, superintend the book,



magazine, and job-work. Descending to the fourth floor, we find the 'press-room.' Here are eight steam-presses, ranging in size from the largest 'platens' and 'cylinders' to the smallest 'card,' driven by a splendid engine, located in the basement. No where, perhaps, is more strikingly exhibited the progress of the mechanic arts in this country than in this branch of the business. Here, thousands upon thousands of impressions are daily struck off, by these wonderful machines of HOE's, ADAMS's, and GORDON's invention, which silently, swiftly, and with mathematical precision, print every variety of work, from the largest sheet to the smallest card. On the third floor will be the proprietor's office, where he will 'sit at the receipt of custom,' welcome his friends and patrons, and show them his silent but powerful hydraulic presses for smoothing dry sheets, his stores of paper, etc. 'Such is a *modern printing-office.*' And when, to the very meagre sketch we have attempted to give, we add, that Mr. GRAY is himself a practical printer, and, in addition to great taste and skill, possesses an experience of more than twenty years, and has performed *every* duty connected with his multifarious business, we need not wonder that his success has been so great, and that his customers are to be found in all the walks of life, mechanical, mercantile, and marine; among religious bodies of almost every name, and the most respectable and extensive publishers of this and other cities. - - - '*Reuben and Phoebe, a Pathetic Story,*' will arouse high emotions in the breasts of all lovers of true poetry. The measure of the closing line of each stanza is what is termed 'irregular metre:'

'In Manchester a maiden dwelt,  
Her name was PHOEBE BROWN;  
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,  
And she was considered by good judges  
to be by all odds the best-looking girl in town.

'Her age was nearly seventeen;  
Her eyes were sparkling bright;  
A very lovely girl was she —  
And for about a year and a half there had  
been a young man paying attention to her  
by the name of REUBEN WRIGHT.

'Now REUBEN was a *nice* young man  
As any in the town;  
And PHOEBE loved him very dear;  
But on account of his being obliged to work  
for a living, he never could make himself  
agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. BROWN.

'Her parents were resolved  
Another she should wed —  
A rich old miser in the place;  
And old BROWN frequently declared that  
rather than have his daughter marry REUBEN  
WRIGHT, he'd sooner knock him on  
the head.

'But PHOEBE's heart was brave and strong;  
She feared no parent's frowns;  
And as for REUBEN WRIGHT so bold,  
I've heard him say more than fifty times  
that (with the exception of PHOEBE) he  
didn't care a ——— for the whole race of  
BROWNS.

'So PHOEBE BROWN and REUBEN WRIGHT  
Determined they should marry;  
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night  
They started for old Parson WEBSTER's,  
determined to be united in the holy bonds  
of matrimony, though it was tremendous  
dark, and rained like Old Harry.

'But Captain BROWN was wide awake;  
He loaded up his gun,  
And then pursued the loving pair;  
He overtook 'em when they'd got about  
half way to the parson's, and then REUBEN  
and PHOEBE started off upon a run.

'Old BROWN then took a deadly aim  
Toward young REUBEN's head;  
But, oh! it was a bleeding shame,  
He made a mistake and shot his only daughter,  
and had the unspeakable anguish of  
seeing her drop right down stone dead.

'Then anguish filled young REUBEN's heart,  
And vengeance crazed his brain;  
He drew an awful jack-knife out,  
And plunged it into old BROWN about fifty  
or sixty times, so that it is very doubtful  
about his ever coming-to again.

'The briny drops from REUBEN's eyes  
In torrents poured down;  
He yielded up the ghost and died:  
And this melancholy and heart-rending matter  
terminates the history of REUBEN and  
PHOEBE, and likewise of old Captain  
BROWN.'

'MR. CLARK may not believe the following,' writes a Yankee oriental, 'but it is a fact: In a very small 'shore-village' of the old Bay State, there is a very small Methodist congregation, who continually keep up *not* a small quarrelling. One of the 'lights' in the tabernacle, an old fisherman, who had been several times expelled, for reasons unknown to this deponent, was lately put forth from the fold, and, according to his usual custom, applied for pardon and readmission.

A council of the 'elders' was convened, and the question put to them, whether they had any objections to readmitting him. One little man, a shoemaker and fisherman, rose and said: 'I ha'n't got nothing ag'in' DAVID, only DAVID bought from me, three years ago, a lot of anchor-stuns, and I've called on him a good many times for the money, but could n't get it; and I do n't think DAVID oughter be let back till he pays me for them anchor-stuns!' DAVID still remains 'expunged.' In the same place, an old man, also a fisherman, who is greatly given to exhortation, (and who says that ef he had had the 'oportunities' his sons RICHARD and ELIJAH have had, long ere this he would have had his seat in the legislative halls, was holding forth one night at prayer-meeting, and wished to impress it upon his hearers that they would work hard to get money, but didn't care about getting the gospel, which was 'giv' away for nothin'.' In the course of his argument he said: 'Supposin' a member of Congress, or any other great *chimist*, was to come up here and teach you some way of makin' gold or silver, you'd all be a-runnin' a'ter *him*!' Isn't that a new idea of the 'rulers of the nation'?' - - - We positively had a nightmare after reading one evening the following account of '*A Hair-Breadth Escape*,' by a metropolitan correspondent. It is 'too horrible:' 'In the summer of 1843 I was travelling through the State of Pennsylvania. It was toward the end of June, that, after passing a delightful week in the city of P——, I took the train one lovely morning to go farther west. Rail-roads, at that period, did not, as now they do, intersect, in every part, our 'glorious Union;' but here, a fine road, passing through a splendid country, and conveying the traveller some seventy-five miles from the place of which I speak, had recently been opened. Locomotives then, as now, were only permitted to come to the 'out-squirts' of the city, and the cars were drawn by horses from the dépôt to the suburbs, where the engine was attached. Instead, however, of the driver standing upon the platform of the car, a small seat or box was constructed in the end of the roof, the seat being slightly depressed below the top of the car. In this the driver sat. Arriving where we took our locomotive, I saw, for the first time, these seats, and an impulse seized my mind at once, to substitute, for a place within the car, a seat thus perched aloft; and it was with a good deal of satisfaction that, after obtaining permission from the conductor of the train, I mounted to my post. A slight rain during the night had 'laid' the dust, the country was looking gloriously, and every thing promised a delightful ride. In order to avoid the smoke and cinders, I selected the end most remote from the locomotive, and took a seat with my back to the machine. The train started. The motion became swift. The air was bracing, the scenery magnificent, and the whole effect exhilarating and exciting in the extreme. I had ridden in this way for nearly an hour, when, upon turning my head to look in advance over the track, I perceived, at a distance of perhaps a mile, what at first sight seemed to be the entrance of a tunnel, but which I found, on looking closely, was the end of a long covered bridge, over a river which we were rapidly approaching. As we drew nearer, a feeling of anxiety came over me, lest my position should prove one of danger. I could not resist the conviction that I *could not pass through that bridge!* To get down from my eminence would be attended with great risk; but as I looked with straining eyes, and measured with fearful, calculating mind, the opening, I felt, nay, almost *knew*, I could not pass with safety. How should I act? I had no time to think! We neared the bridge! My soul was full! I was nearly leaping from my place, when my eyes resting upon the smoke-pipe of the engine, *I saw its top was higher*

than my head. For a moment, I felt that I was safe. It was *but* a moment; for that instant, as I looked, I saw the smoke-pipe bend! On hinges half way down, over it swung! It bowed one half its length, while I, bending to the middle, had barely time to droop my head, as we plunged into the bridge; and under that roof, two hundred feet in length, my back just grazed the beams. Since then, I ride inside the cars.' - - - BRACKETT's marble group of '*The Shipwrecked Mother and Child*,' now exhibiting at the STUYVESANT Institute, has many striking beauties, and one or two omissions which we cannot but regard as defects. The expression of the mother's face, as you stand over and look down upon it, is exceedingly fine; the arms are admirably disposed; *but* the figure is almost painfully, certainly unnecessarily, nude. How easily might a little drapery have been introduced, and with effect! We do not like the child. - - - 'DICK BEDFORD,' says a clever Wisconsin correspondent, 'a perfect specimen of unmitigated improvidence, upon being censured by his employer for his vagrancy and destitution, 'came back' with an excuse, which, as it was accompanied with his 'I'll swear it's a fact,' cannot, of course, be questioned. 'You see, Captain,' said he, 'I've not always been so infernally poor. Last August I 'tended Dobb's furnace, and as I was running some hot lead into the pig-moulds, I spilt in it, out of my vest-pocket, three hundred dollars in silver, that I was keeping for a fellow, and, by Givini, it melted quicker than you could say 'JACK ROBINSON!'' 'And so you lost it?' responded the Captain. 'All but the *lost*!' replied DICK. 'I just said nothing to nobody: I bought that pig, and I sold it to a jeweller in Galena for five hundred dollars. *That's* the kind of speculations I get! Shall I water the horses now, Captain?' - - - A GENTLEMAN who was doing well, but wanted to do better, in Kentucky, removed to a farther-western State; and in answer to a correspondent, wrote back the following flattering account of the 'ked'ntry' and its inhabitants: 'You ask me how I like this country and the people thereof. As for the country, the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough; but the climate is rainy, blowy, and sultry. The people die so fast here that *every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow!* As for the people, they are perfect Christians. They fulfil the Scriptures to the letter, where it says, 'Let God be true, but every man a liar!'' That's a charming section of Uncle SAMUEL's domain, is n't it? By-the-by, this reminds us of a very clever thing we find in General CLARK's journal, the *Burlington (Vt.) Free Press*, in the shape of a letter from a gentleman in Wisconsin to a friend who had asked for various information as to the country, its climate, productions, etc., etc. In his reply, he 'lumps' these with a great deal of humor. We annex a few:

'Among the game are to be found the domestic fowl, the swallow, crow, and blue-jay, and, in mild summers, the night-hawk and screech-owl.

'The animals hunted for their fur are, the cat, the chip-munk, and stray dogs; those chiefly esteemed for their flesh are, the musk-rat, skunk, and wood-chuck.

'The principal articles of consumption are pork, white beans, apple-sauce, and rye-whiskey.

'The principal articles of import are, dried apples, buffalo-coats, tea, tobacco, cotton-cloth, molasses, bogus cigars, and spoilt oysters.

'The articles of export are few, being only such things as they do n't want themselves; the principal are, convicts to Auburn and Sing-Sing prisons, and emigrants to California.

'The chief productions are, white-headed children, which in time grow to be lumbermen, pedlars, deacons, squires, politicians, and rogues.

'Their means of getting a living are ingenious and varied; the most ostensible, however, is 'dickering,' at which they are very expert, swopping horses, trading cattle, and getting boot.

'Their chief amusements in winter are, keeping up a fire, watching the weather, going to funerals, whittling, and breaking steers. In summer these are varied by getting out manure, hoeing corn, acting as scare-crows, and 'getting down sick' eating green apples.

'The range of domestic duties is confined altogether to chance and the 'women folks.'

'Their principal business is, an impertinent interference with other people's affairs, to the entire neglect of their own, exaggerating evil reports, throwing obstacles in the way of public improvements, talking politics, and doing chores. The young leave the parental roof at a tender age, and commence on their own hook, peddling pop-corn, ginger-bread, and molasses-candy.

'The climate is a cross between Lapland and Siberia—not quite so cold as the one, and a good deal colder than the other, but healthy. The principal diseases are, lame stomach, delirium-tremens, and 'folks is sick.'

'The articles of luxury most esteemed are, salt cod-fish, dried pumpkins, and woolen gowns.

'The articles of furniture are, a cook-stove, mop-pail, and wash-dish.

'Their farming implements consist of an axe, a hoe, a log-chain, generally *hooked*, and a jack-knife.

'Their education is confined to writing their names, guessing off hogs, and making axe-helves.

'Their moral and religious ideas are vague and loose. They generally live to a green old age, and die as green as they lived.

'Their principal places of resort are, the platforms of rail-road dépôts, bar-rooms, justices' courts, and public and private offices, where they have no business.

'Their habits are predatory and migratory.'

THERE is an odd old fellow in Montrose, Pennsylvania, as we are 'credibly informed,' who is somewhat addicted to potatoes; and when he takes them at all, he 'potates' rather freely. Once, on a Saturday, he had become considerably inebriated. Sunday found him as mellow as Saturday left him; and, in addition to the stock of whiskey in him, he felt a desire to visit the sanctuary. So to the 'meetin'-house' he went. Parson B——, a worthy old dominie, was instructing a Bible-class. Old CHARLEY walked in, and sat down quite demurely in a pew. He listened very attentively to the questions and answers for a few minutes; but, being anxious to show his knowledge of 'Scriptur' and doctrine, he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. 'Parshon B——,' said he, 'aks me some o' them hard ques-shuns.' 'Uncle CHARLES,' said the dominie, with a solemn face, and in a drawling tone, 'don't you know that you are in the bonds of sin and the depths of iniquity?' 'Yes'ir, and the gall of bitterness too. Aks me *another* ques-shun!' - - - 'The impression made on your eye by PERSICO's statue of COLUMBUS,' writes a favorite contributor from the interior of the 'Empire State,' 'was precisely the one made on mine. A couple of years ago I made my way to Washington, and, while wandering around the capitol, unexpectedly beheld the statue, (my first view of it,) from a point to the right, at a distance of several rods. The figure, seen from that point, seemed erect, composed, and grandly commanding. But when I changed my position, the great CHRISTOPHER changed his character. One foot was planted forward, the other back; and the resemblance of the statue to a big bowler about to hurl his globe was quite complete. I have always thought of it since as the statue of 'CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS making a Ten-strike.' I want to tell you a story, showing how compliment may be 'run into the ground.' I once heard a young clergyman make a speech on the subject of Sunday-schools, in the course of which he described, quite graphically, the mustering, by some zealous teacher, of children of all sorts and conditions; some coming without hats, others without coats, and others with bare feet. He was followed by another young minister, who crowded his harangue with complimentary allusions to the 'beautiful and eloquent language,' 'the touching and pathetic words,' 'the graphic and elegant remarks' of 'my brother who preceded me.' In the course of his speech, he too spoke of the gathering together of little folks from the high-ways and hedges; and how the urchins came forth, as it were, from the hollow logs and wood-chucks' holes; and said: 'They come, in the *beautiful and eloquent* language of my brother, with *bare feet*!' - - - WE are right glad to find our old friend J. M. FIELD in 'the field' again at St. Louis, where he will presently open his new and beautiful theatre. Himself a gentleman, and an admirable and versatile actor, he has had little difficulty in drawing around him men of kindred character and talent. When we say that CHIPPENDALE is his stage-manager and GEORGE HOLLAND one of his comedians, we say all that it is necessary

to mention in 'this meridian.' - - - Our friend and ancient contemporary, General MORRIS, has written a song entitled '*The Prairie on Fire.*' Meeting DEMPSTER in Broadway the other day, he hailed him with: 'Why do n't you set '*The Prairie on Fire*'?' 'What should I do *that* for?' replied DEMPSTER; 'I might as well ask you why you do n't set the North River on fire!' And the two good-natured, good-looking friends separated, with simultaneous displays of mutual ivory. - - - We would have the reader take notice, that the editorial opinions of this Magazine, of whatever kind, end with the close of the Gossip. We mention this, because the advertising sheets, at the end of our last number, have been taken by some readers to be a continuation of the original articles of the work. Should they be quoted in this connection, the public will now understand it. - - - The reader cannot fail to be struck with the exquisite tenderness and beauty of the *Lines by William Cullen Bryant*, now first published on a preceding page. They were written for Mr. DEMPSTER, the distinguished Scottish vocalist, whose popularity seems to increase with every concert that he gives. He has set the words to music that is *worthy* of them; and higher praise we could not award to his admirable performance. Mr. DEMPSTER always has the warm suffrages of the poets to whose lines he composes music. TENNYSON was almost overcome with the music of '*The May-Queen*;' and we perceive that CHARLES SWAIN expresses his 'high admiration of the sweet and graceful manner in which his words have been set.' - - - We observe that *Mr. Lewis G. Morris's Annual Sale of Improved Breeds of Domestic Animals* will take place at his superb country-seat at Mount-Fordham on the ninth day of June next. Mr. MORRIS leaves for Europe soon afterward, and the public may anticipate large and rare additions to his stock for next year's sale. He has the true spirit of an agricultural nobleman; for he aims, and successfully, both to do and to receive good. - - - A FRIEND in Stockbridge (Mass.) sends us the following anecdote of Rev. ZEB. TWITCHELL, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference. At one time he represented Stockbridge in the state-legislature. 'ZEB,' says our informant, 'is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified—a thorough, systematic sermonizer; but out of the pulpit, there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion, he was wending his way toward the seat of the Annual Conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to his companion: 'The last time I stopped at that tavern, *I slept with the landlord's wife!*' In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant. 'I mean just what I say,' replied ZEB.; and on went the two travellers in unbroken silence, until they reached the Conference. In the early part of the session the Conference sat with closed doors, for the purpose of transacting private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct during the past year. For this purpose, the clerk called the roll, as was the custom, and in due course ZEB.'s name was called. 'Does any one know aught against the conduct of brother TWITCHELL during the past year?' asked the Bishop, who was the presiding officer. After a moment's silence, ZEB.'s travelling companion arose from his seat, and, with a heavy heart, and grave, demure countenance, said he felt that he had a duty to perform; one that he owed to God, to the church, and to himself. He must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though with trembling. He then related what ZEB. had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the



landlord's wife, etc. The grave body of ministers was struck as with a thunder-bolt; although a few smiled, and glanced first upon ZEB., then upon the Bishop, knowingly, for they knew, better than the others, the character of the accused. The Bishop called up 'brother T.,' and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. ZEB. arose and said: 'I did the deed! I never lie.' Then, pausing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded, with slow and solemn deliberation: 'There was *one* little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the Conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, *I kept the tavern myself!*' The long and troubled countenances relaxed; a titter followed; and the next named on the roll was called.' - - - The following inscription is copied from a tomb-stone in Rockingham county, New-Hampshire:

'A WIFE so true, there are but few,  
And difficult to find;  
A wife more just, and true to trust,  
There is not left behind.'

WE learn incidentally, but upon undoubted authority, that the young Mr. D. WILLARD FISKE, from whose 'Letters from the North of Europe' we quoted an admirable passage in our last number, has been passing the winter at the University of Upsala, attending lectures, etc. His intelligence, assiduity in pursuit of knowledge under all kinds of difficulties, and his surprising acquirements for his years, have gained him great favor among the professors, and other learned men. He goes to Denmark in May, and embarks at Copenhagen for Iceland, where he intends to pass the summer. His immediate object is, to make himself well acquainted with the languages, history, and traditions of the northern nations, their sagas, etc.; and he is in a fair way of accomplishing it. We cannot avoid contrasting the conduct of this poor youth, bravely struggling forward to intellectual eminence, in defiance of poverty and privation, with that of the host of young Americans, spendthrift sons of wealthy fathers, who are wasting time and opportunity, degrading themselves and disgracing their country, amidst the enervating and licentious pleasures of Paris. Which of the two may be considered the real specimen of 'Young America'? - - - By way of caution to all similar applicants, let us say to Mr. J. S. MORTON, secretary of the 'Michigan University Reading-Room,' at Ann-Arbor, in answer to his note requesting us to send to 'the institution' a free copy of 'that valuable periodical, the KNICKERBOCKER,' that we shall do no such thing. We don't print, at great expense, a work to give away to those who have no sort of claim upon us; nor do we greatly affect the cool impudence of such mendicant requests. And our contemporaries, every where, owe it to themselves to resist, as many of them *do* resist, the appeals of kindred eleemosynary 'petitioners,' who will 'ever pray' in this kind, until taught better. - - - A LITTLE boy, 'well in his boots' for the first time, and very proud of them, said to his mother, after reading his customary chapter in 'Scorr's Family Bible' in the morning: 'Mother, why didn't Moses wear boots?' 'Why, my son, what makes you ask *that* question? Perhaps he *did* wear boots, my dear; we don't know.' 'No, mother, he did n't, because the BIBLE says that the voice that came out of the burning bush told him to take off his *shoes!*' There was no rejoinder to this 'clinch.' - - - GENIN has again laid the town under obligation to his enterprise and far-seeing discernment. He has opened a '*Ladies' and Juvenile Bazaar*,' at Number 543, Broad-

way, under the new and superb Sr. NICHOLAS Hotel, which he has fitted up, in the way of elegant decorations and ornament, in a style hitherto unsurpassed in New-York. We were informed, by travelled persons whom we met at the Bazaar, that nothing superior to it, in chasteness, richness, and true taste, could be seen in Oxford or Regent-street in London, or the still more beautiful *magasins* of Paris. But more than this: it has *every thing*, of the very richest and rarest, that can be obtained in the way of ladies' and children's costume, 'from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet,' imported directly from Paris, as well as such as may be manufactured in this city. Young ladies and mothers have now no need to 'go a-shopping,' for *all* they require can be obtained, and at reasonable prices, at the 'Bazaar.'\* What with the fame of this new 'institution,' the 'vogue' of his spring hats, 'just published,' and the splendid service of plate recently presented to him by his *employées*, there is reason to fear that GENIN may soon decide not to 'let his children play with the neighbors' children,' as they have been accustomed to do! - - - A FRIEND lately from Canada encountered the following *affiche*, posted on a board, by a Frenchman, as a caution to the people not to trust his wife, who had run away from him:

'MA name thats PETER ROVILLE: ma Waf, he leav ma hous and shant ax me. Any man that trusts him on ma nam, thats a loss for you!'

WE have tested, to our entire satisfaction, the justice of the commendations bestowed by our correspondent 'M.' upon the '*Mansion-House of Benny Stelle of New-Brunswick.*' In conjunction with a most agreeable party of distinguished Jerseymen, and one or two Gothamites, we enjoyed there recently a supper and a breakfast (*such a breakfast!*) of which the recollection even now lingers upon the palate. BENNY STELLE is a benefactor to your true *gourmet*. - - - '*The Lantern,*' after the manner of 'Punch,' is a very clever and lively publication. Many of its drawings are very effective; and much of its poetry is far above the ordinary standard of merit. Witness the lines, '*An Old Story,*' by Mr. FRIZ-JAMES O'BRIEN, recently published. It is brim-full of poetry and feeling, and very like poor HOOD. - - - *The National Academy of Design* has opened its annual exhibition with a great number of very fine pictures, which will receive due attention in our next. Our best artists are proved to have been both industrious and successful; and some of the more eminent among them have really won new laurels. The exhibition-rooms, we have remarked, are daily and nightly crowded with the beauty and fashion of the city. - - - THE lines beginning:

'THERE was a hermit, old and gray,  
Mid pine-woods, *dewling* far away,'

are respectfully declined. We should like to know what the hermit does when he '*dewls*?' The meaning of the term '*dewling*,' as here used — and it is twice repeated — passes our poor comprehension. - - - ONE of the many attractions of WASHINGTON is *Brown's Hotel*. It is a new and immense structure, on Pennsylvania Avenue, built of pure white marble, and contains 'any quantity' of airy sleeping-rooms, private parlors, beautifully arranged, and a dining-hall of most sumptuous dimensions, elegantly and chastely furnished. The host is 'native and to the manor born,' and knows well 'what he has *been about*' for the greater part of his life. His table is luxuriously supplied with edibles and potables, and the attendance is admirable. Beside all this, that he is a 'good fellow' is another fact, which no body can deny. Long may he wave! - - - WE heard an intelligent criticism at the National Academy exhibition the other evening. An affected fop, with a profusion of flashy jewelry, stood twisting his



moustache before the preëminently great scriptural picture of DURAND. 'Glorious picture!' said he; 'magnificent cloud-effect; the *chiaro-scuro* supaub; the animals and the people running, terrible! terrible! But I don't like the subject, d'ye kno'; those kind o' things, like ALLSTON'S *Nebuchadnezzar's Supper*, they don't interest me.' There might have been a difference between BELSHAZZAR'S feast and NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S supper! - - - THE town-reader, in passing BOARDMAN'S jewelry-store, corner of Lispenasd-street and Broadway, may see in the window a rare and beautiful work of antique art. It is a bronze group, representing '*The Flagellation of Christ*.' It was formerly the property of Cardinal BOUVISI, and was purchased at the sale of the Cardinal's gallery of paintings at Lucca. The group was well known to be the work of the celebrated JOHN of Bologna, and was so warranted at the sale. - - - 'J. N. M.'s' 'sewer'd' joke was originally told in the KNICKERBOCKER, in a note to the Editor from Mr. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, on the eve of his sailing for France, in the pleasant capital of which he is now residing. - - - SOME of the most beautiful specimens of *Ornamental Jewelry* that we have ever seen in New-York, may be examined at the establishment of the manufacturers and importers, Messrs. N. OTT AND COMPANY, Number 304, Broadway, corner of Duane-street, up stairs. Their assortment is as various as it is rich and elegant; and, whether at wholesale or retail, their prices are always reasonable. - - - WE have not forgotten our *Washington Memoranda*; but we must let it spring 'from thought's occasion,' rather than 'sit down' to its recollection. It is quite too 'rememberable' to be easily forgotten. - - - THE spacious and beautiful establishment of Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, in Broadway, near Leonard-street, is a perfect gallery of rare works of art. Aside from its great store of all the latest and best engravings of Europe, there may always be seen there the master-pieces in landscape and portraiture of the best English, French, German, and American artists. It is truly an 'Art-Union' of itself. - - - DURING no month since the KNICKERBOCKER began to exist have so many contributions been received as in the month 'last past;' so that we trust our correspondents will 'possess themselves in patience.' Books and other publications not noticed in the present number will 'receive dispatch' in our next. - - - WE would call especial attention to *Paul Delaroche's 'Napoleon at Fontainebleau,'* on the eve of his abdication, now exhibiting at the STUYVESANT Institute. It is a superb work, by a man of true genius. - - - WE tender our thanks to HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD and HON. JAMES BROOKS, for speeches delivered by them in the Senate and House of Representatives. - - - THE festival of 'Paas' was celebrated in the good old-fashioned style on the evening of the seventeenth, at the ASTOR House, by our 'St. NICHOLAS Society.' A feeling and beautiful tribute was paid by HON. JOHN A. KING to the late venerable Rev. JACOB SCHOONMAKER, of Jamaica, whose tall, commanding person and sonorous vernacular will long be remembered by every son of St. NICHOLAS. - - - WE have received from a favorite contributor, 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' a patriotic poem for our next number, which we predict will hereafter be regarded almost as much a national effusion as 'The Star-Spangled Banner' or 'Hail Columbia.' But our readers shall judge. - - - MR. FORREST'S engagement at the Broadway still runs on. Over *sixty nights*, at 'this present writing,' and no diminution in his crowded audiences. What a LEAR is his! *That* we *did* get a chance to see, and never saw it equalled, nor *could* it be, by any actor in the world. - - - For a piece of genuine appreciative criticism, read the essay '*On the Genius of Charles Dickens*,' in preceding pages.

It does equal honor to the writer and his subject. - - - A CHARMING chapter from MEISTER KARL'S 'Sketch-Book,' and an admirable 'Schediasm' paper upon '*The Rights of Children*,' are in type; *but*, together with '*The Condemned Ship*,' '*Legend of a Locomotive*,' and four additional pages of '*Gossip*,' they are literally 'crowded out.'

LITERARY RECORD OF NEW PUBLICATIONS. — A recent work by MR. HENRY JAMES, embracing the lectures delivered by him in this city some two years since, and which were at the time the 'talk of the town' for their freedom and originality, has been abstracted — 'conveyed' the wise it call' — from the sanctum. 'When found,' we shall 'make a note of it,' for a note-worthy tome it is, as we saw from a merely casual glance over its pages. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, is the publisher; and he has also in press, to be published some time during the month, a new edition of *Halleck's Complete Poetical Works*. What a treat will be there for every lover of true poetry! Some foretaste of what may be expected will be found in the 'Extract from an Unpublished Poem,' elsewhere in the present number. - - - Kossuth's visit to this country has given rise to two volumes which lie before us. From Messrs. DERBY AND MILLER, publishers, at Auburn, in this State, we have the '*Life of Kossuth*,' including notices of the men and scenes of the Hungarian Revolution, together with an appendix, containing his principal speeches, with an introduction by HORACE GREELEY. The compiler is MR. P. C. HEADLEY, a brother of the author of '*NAPOLEON and his Marshals*.' From Messrs. PHINNEY AND COMPANY, Buffalo, we have '*Kossuth and his Generals*,' with a brief history of Hungary, select speeches of Kossuth, etc., by HENRY W. DE PUY: with an introduction by HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND, late Speaker of the New-York House of Assembly, etc.: with portraits, and a map of Hungary. Both these volumes are executed upon fair paper, with large, clear types. - - - The '*Harp and the Plough*,' by our 'Peasant-Bard,' JOSIAH D. CANNING, Esq., of Gill, (Mass.), to 'speak right out in meeting,' has been printed, and will ere long be published. No reader of the KNICKERBOCKER will need to be informed that it will prove replete with honest thought and simple poetical feeling. - - - '*Women of Christianity, exemplary for Acts of Piety and Charity*,' is the title of a work from the pen of JULIA KAVANAGH, and the press of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Its subjects are selected from four periods or eras: first, the Roman Empire; second, the Middle Ages; third, the Seventeenth Century; and fourth, the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. The work is interesting from the grouping and variety of its characters. The same publishers have in press, '*CORNBILLE and his Times*,' by GUIZOT; '*Days of BRUCE*,' by GRACE AGUILAR; '*The Student's Wife*,' HORACE SMITH's '*Gaieties and Gravities*,' '*The Ingoldsby Legends*,' '*Little Pedlingtonians*,' '*Papers from the Quarterly Review*,' etc. - - - '*Summerfield, or Life on a Farm*,' from the press of DERBY AND MILLER, Auburn, is a work which we are sorry to be obliged to pass with a simple record of its title, and a recommendation to the reader to purchase and peruse what will richly reward perusal. It is from the pen of DAY KELLOGG LEE. - - - A VERY useful manual for the clergymen and laity of the Episcopal Church, is a *New Arrangement of Psalms and Hymns*, alphabetically prepared in lines, by which any psalm or hymn may instantly be found on reference to *any* line contained therein. The great convenience of such a work is too obvious to require comment. OCTAVIUS LONGWORTH, Williamsburgh, the author, and ORVILLE A. ROORBACK, New-York, are the publishers. - - - THE best editions of the best standard works for schools and general reference that are published in this country proceed from the press of Messrs. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, of this city. Three lie before us at this moment, of rare value and convenience: LOUIS FASQUELLE'S '*New Method of Learning to Read, and Speak, and Compose the French Language*,' SURENNE'S '*Dictionary of French and English*,' in two Parts, abridged; and a '*New French Manual*,' by the same author. The great success of these works is a conclusive evidence of their great merit. - - - WE have received from Messrs. BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, Park-Row, complete in one volume, with several engravings, '*The Tuttle and Guardian*,' mainly by STEELE AND ADDISON, including an account of the authors, from the pen of MACAULAY, and important notes. Of a work so well known, it need only be said that it is well printed in double columns, upon good paper. - - - WE have but space left to mention the following additional works as awaiting future 'consideration.' 'A Reel in a Bottle,' by REV. HENRY T. CHEREVER, from the press of SCRIBNER; '*The Nineteenth Century, or the New Dispensation*,' a brief examination of the claims and assertions of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, published by JOHN ALLEN, Nassau-street; '*The Future Wealth of America, being a Glance at the Resources of the United States*,' (a much more important and comprehensive work than even its title indicates), by FRANCIS BONYNGE, for fourteen years a resident in India and West China; '*Life in the West, or the MORETON Family*,' from the American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia; '*An Autobiography of WILLIAM RUSSELL*,' by our old friend and correspondent, the author of '*CLINTON BRADSHAW*,' etc., etc.